

THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

New and Improved Series.

JANUARY, 1832.

THE RENEGADE.

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"I AM weary already of this dismal castle," said a youthful page to an aged warrior, who kept watch on the tower of one of those feudal fortresses that studded the south-western provinces of France; "I am weary of a castle where every face wears the aspect of settled gloom—where no sound is heard but the warder's measured tread, and the monotonous word of the sentinel—when my father sent me to learn the exercises of chivalry under a chevalier so celebrated as Count Arnold, I thought that high-born dames, and gallant knights, crowded his halls, but here I find none but moving statues, whose motions are as mechanical as those of the great clock on the towers of Notre Dame.

"When you have remained in it longer you will be more weary, Master Jocelyn," replied the warder.

"But, good Hubert, tell me what spell is there upon this mansion of the silent. The countess and the Lady Emmeline keep their chamber, and have but once come to the hall during the three days I have been here; Count Arnold has scarcely spoken since I presented my letters of introduction; and even thou, whom my father described as a merry soldier, art as stiff and silent as thy own pike. I am weary of this castle, and will fly it ere the world is a week older."

"That is easier said than done, my young gallant."

"Why, what mean you? Would Count Arnold detain me here against my will? If I thought so I should leap the wall, swim the moat, and show a fair pair of heels to pursuers."

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"You would not, because you could not do any of these things, Master Jocelyn. Hark in your ear; Count Arnold possesses powers that we know not of—no one that has once joined his train can escape: he knows the moment that such a thought is formed, and—who goes there?"

"A friend," answered the harsh voice of the count, who suddenly appeared upon the parapet. "Hubert, thou art not alone—who shares thy watch?"

"It is young Master Jocelyn, may it please your lordship."

"It pleaseth me right well to find one so young quitting his couch to learn the art of war from an old soldier's conversation: he will soon be fit for the honourable post of esquire. But, young sir, be not in too great a hurry to take the lance—as page, thou hast yet to practise courtesies to the fair."

There seemed a concealed irony in the tone with which the speech was uttered, for which Jocelyn could not account: he felt abashed he knew not why, and, muttering some indistinct acknowledgments, he left the walls, and hastened to his own apartment.

Arnold waited until the page was out of hearing, and then advancing to Hubert, said, "Wouldst thou betray me, old comrade—me with whom thou hast stood on the plains of Edessa, the rocks of Carmel, and the sands of Egypt? and to a boy, Hubert—a boy whom thou hast but seen within these three days?"

"My lord," replied the warder, "I cannot betray a secret with which I was never entrusted: all I know is,

that since the hour you returned from your captivity in Mount Lebanon, powers are yours which no one can resist with impunity. I would have warned the boy to beware how he provoked their exercise."

"Hark thee, Hubert: there is a power in that boy of which he is himself unconscious, that passes my control. I say beware of him: he holds the destiny of thy master, and he holds thine, for I will not fall alone or unavenged! Meet me, after thou art relieved, in the secret chamber, and thou shalt see my danger and thine."

The count, without waiting a reply, left the battlements, and Hubert, who comprehended not the danger so obscurely hinted, remained in a state of the utmost perplexity.

Jocelyn lay on his couch in the apartment assigned to him, turning from side to side, in the vain hope of sleep; his thoughts, at one time, roved to the days of childhood, when he played at the feet of his beloved mother; then the circumstances of her sudden death returned to his mind—his father's grief—his own wondering sorrow; and imagination seemed to trace some inexplicable connection between the catastrophe and the castle which now for the first time he visited. Thick-coming fancies made his reverie a maze of tangled confusion: images of horror swam through his head, and no effort that he could make sufficed to shake off the unaccountable depression of his spirits. "All good angels be my guardians!" he exclaimed; "for assuredly some spell is upon me."

"The powers of evil sleep not," said a voice that sounded close to his ear.

He sprung from his couch; a faint starlight gleamed through the casement, but showed no form in the small apartment. "Who spoke?" said he: "in the name of all that is holy, answer!"

The voice sounded from between

"Princes, powers, and seraphim,
Hear me by the name of Him
Who gave the spell and taught the token,
In thought express'd, by tongue unspoken—
Hear me in your fiery caves—
Hear me in your molten waves—

him and the window, yet was there nought visible: it replied—"A being whom mortal eyes see not, until their vision is sharpened by superior agency; one who is here to work thee good which may not be told, and to shield thee from evil which cannot be named. Follow the light which now kindles in thy chamber, and whatever thou shalt see speak not as thou valuest life."

As the voice ceased, a gleam of light, like that which sometimes roves over the morass, arose in the midst of the chamber, and slowly proceeded towards the door. Jocelyn followed this guide, and after passing through several galleries and passages which led to an uninhabited part of the castle, at last stopped at a secret door: it opened on his approach, and he found himself in a narrow seat that overlooked a ruined chapel.

"Be cautious, watchful, and silent," whispered the attending voice; "I am near you, be not afraid."

Steps on the pavement beneath now arrested his attention, and he saw the count, followed by Hubert, enter the chapel, and, advancing to the broken altar, take some implements from a basket, and range them in a circle on the floor.

"He is about to evoke the powers of evil," whispered the voice in Jocelyn's ear: "repeat the spell thy mother taught thee the hour before she died."

Jocelyn muttered to himself a prayer, of the import of which he was scarce conscious, and felt his courage supernaturally strengthened. The count, in the meantime, having completed his preparations, placed a censer on the altar, and threw upon it some incense, which kindled into a bright flame, and diffused a sweet fragrance over the chapel. As the flame rose, Arnold and Hubert stepped hastily within the circle, and the former, in a firm voice, spoke the words of invocation.

Hear me through the wide dominions
 Travers'd by your sounding pinions—
 Hear me in your secret cells—
 Obey the wielder of the spells—
 By the name you dread to hear,
 Spirits of this hour appear!"

The flame now shot up to the roof, to Jocelyn's ear like the echo of that and, enlarging itself, covered the dread trump which the dead will hear entire surface of the altar. From the and obey. centre came an answer that sounded

"Azazel hears thee—speak—the hour
 Will soon elapse that gives thee power;
 Speak—more potent spells are round thee—
 Speak—ere yet their chains have bound thee;
 Soon 'tis vain our aid to seek,
 While the hour is given thee—speak!"

"False spirit!" said the count, "no thee when the terms of our paction one is here but my faithful Hubert, fail, and what may be the impending who could never muster courage to danger that menaces the star of my use a spell. But I would know from ascendancy?"

"When a river backward flowing—
 When a willow downward growing,
 Join to stop thy anxious flight
 From the field of desperate fight—
 That be to thee first of seven
 Signs of coming ruin given.
 When an anxious wife and daughter
 Haste to yield thee up to slaughter,
 In perfect love still seek thy life,
 And raise themselves the murderous knife—
 That, Count Arnold, is the second
 Sign that thou to fate art beckon'd.
 When the solemn word and token
 By uninitiate lips are spoken,
 Tremble, Arnold, at the word—
 That for thee is sign the third.
 When thou see'st thy charmed brand
 Quit thy grasp, elude thy hand,
 And thy spirit, once so steel'd,
 Like a coward's sink and yield
 To a far inferior foe—
 Sign the fourth of fate thou'lt know.
 By thyself when thou'rt betray'd
 And confess'd a renegade—
 When thy tongue the tale has told
 Of what was done in Carmel's hold—
 The crescent kiss'd, the crosier riven—
 Warning then the fifth is given.
 When three assailants storm thy hall,
 Uncheck'd by foe or fortress wall,
 And wave their victor banner o'er thee—
 Sign the sixth is then before thee.
 When he who stands and listens by thee,
 Shall in haughty words defy thee,
 And against his ancient lord
 Justly raise the vengeful sword—

'Tis the seventh and fatal sign !
Then, Count Arnold—thou art mine ?
For the sinking of thy star—
Know another from afar
Sheds a beam that makes it pale—
Which shall at the last prevail
By a mightier must be told—
Till the seventh sign thine shalt hold."

"Then shall it hold till doom!" whom I have done so much rise to be
said the count. "But I would know Queen of the East? shall my daughter
from thee of Emmeline: shall she for sit upon a throne?"

"I have told what fate is thine ;
But for that of Emmeline—
Darkness, thickest darkness clouds it—
A spell thou canst not break enshrouds it :
This alone 'tis given to know—
She shall wed thy deadliest foe ;
Yet thou shalt see thy daughter reign
And—count—no longer I remain—
Words of power and good are spoken,
I must away—thy spell is broken !"

At these words the flame rose suddenly from the altar, and, flashing vividly over the chapel, disappeared.

"Villain!" said the count, catching at Hubert in the darkness, "this disappointment is thy work; but I will be revenged."

The affrighted Hubert in vain declared that he had not muttered a single prayer, and fled from the chapel, pursued by his enraged master.

"Do thou now retire to thy chamber," whispered the voice to Jocelyn; "and this night shalt thou learn who thou art, and who I am."

Returning to his room, guided by the mysterious light, Jocelyn heard the count give orders for the immediate confinement of Hubert in a dungeon, with a strict command that none should be allowed to hold any communication with him. The young page proceeded without paying any regard to this circumstance, and passed on to his couch. Scarcely had he thrown himself upon the bed when the following narrative was not so much spoken in his ear as written mysteriously on his soul:—

"Thy mother, Jocelyn, was the only child of a Georgian prince, who had learned the secrets of mystic power from the descendants of the Magi, concealed in the recesses of Mount Caucasus. His art disclosed

to him that the term of his mortal career would be prematurely ended, and he therefore instructed her, when reason first began to dawn, in the arts by which the elemental spirits are compelled to obey the behests of men. He was assassinated by his younger brother, and thy parent would have shared his fate had she not been warned by an attendant spirit, and sought safety in flight. After many wanderings she reached the Christian principality of Edessa, and was received into the convent founded by the piety of the Courtenays. The abbess treated her with the tenderness of a daughter, and instructed her in the benevolent principles of the gospel. Your mother, in return, entrusted her with the secret of the supernatural power that she possessed, and, at her persuasion, resolved never to exercise it but under the pressure of overwhelming necessity. The deceased Prince of Georgia had loved me more than any of the elemental spirits that were subject to his skill; I was then perfectly pure, and none but the good could claim my services. I had also twice served thy mother, the Princess Zilla, and was delighted with the sympathy she felt for beings of another nature. From a cause thou canst not comprehend, from a crime thou canst not conceive, a stain came upon the

purity of my nature, and I was forced, for a season, to obey the powers of evil. My new master was a prince of the Batheniens, and his service was a bitter thralldom. He was engaged in a war against the Christians, and, by the agency of his spirits, prevailed in every engagement. By his command I watched particularly over a young Frank whom he anxiously desired to obtain as a prisoner, because the powers of evil had declared that in the stranger he would find an associate as daring and as impious as himself. The present Count Arnold, then very young in years but old in guilt, was the object thus confided to my care. Though not past his eighteenth year, the murders of a father and brother were upon his conscience, and he deemed no crime too great as a price for the gratification of his ambition. I overthrew his steed in a skirmish near Mount Carmel, and kept him fixed to the earth until he was secured by a party of my master's soldiers; and I saw him conveyed in safety to the caverns of the mountain.

"A month had elapsed ere I was summoned to the presence of the Bathenien prince: it was at midnight when I obeyed the call: he stood in his hall of power, accompanied by the youthful Frank, who was about to seal his apostacy, and swear allegiance to Eblis the prince of evil. I saw him rend the cross—I saw him kiss the crescent—I heard the awful Eblis pronounce the words, 'He is ours!' and all the thrones, powers, and dominations in the realms of Zetanai, answered, 'He is ours!' Edessa was attacked by hordes, under the guidance of a leader more formidable than any that had yet appeared in its plains. The renegade Arnold, disguised by the name of Ilderim, led the Moslem to certain conquest, and the blood of the gallant Courtenays was spilled in vain. The convent in which thy mother resided was surprised and stormed on the day that my bondage terminated. The unfortunate nuns were dragged from their cells by the pitiless barbarians, and thy mother was seized as an appropriate present for the chieftain. She was dragged before Ilderim, who was struck with her charms, and or-

dered her to be sent, under an escort, to the caverns of Carmel. With some of the western courtesy which he still retained, he advanced to offer her some consolation, and the turban accidentally falling from his brow, disclosed features that she had once seen on the table of her destiny as those of her mortal foe. Her courage rose at the prospect of danger: she heard his honeyed words in silence, and he, auguring from thence that she listened with favour, gave strict commands that she should be treated with all possible respect. When permitted to retire and make preparations for her journey, she had recourse to her father's arts, and summoned me to her presence. I obeyed: she heard the tale of my miseries, and promised to intercede with the prince of our race for my complete pardon. I prepared for her the means of rescue. Her escort set out that night; by my arts they were led into the plains, and a company of Christian warriors, headed by thy father, brought upon their track. After a brief struggle thy mother was rescued, and was soon after united in marriage to thy father. Thy parents returned to Europe, while Ilderim ruled as a prince at Edessa. He was there married to a Bathenien princess, by whom he had a daughter; one of the captives whom he detained as a slave was the wife of the chief of the Courtenays, and had a daughter nearly of the same age as Ilderim's. It happened that the renegade's castle was attacked by a wandering troop of Le Gukians, and stormed at the very moment that he was coming home. A fierce fight ensued between the Le Gukians and the followers of Ilderim: in the confusion the Countess of Courtenay and the chief household slaves of Ilderim were slain; his wife fled to the woods with her child on the first alarm, and being seized by another troop of Tartars, both were carried captives to the desert. In the contest the castle caught fire, Ilderim believed that his wife had perished in the flames, and that Emmeline Courtenay, whom he rescued with difficulty, was his own daughter.

"Ere long the victorious Saladin appeared in Palestine, and determined

to extirpate the Batheniens: in vain they had recourse to unhallowed arts, he was protected by a spell more potent than theirs, and their forces fled before him as chaff before the wind. Ilderim saw the signs of impending ruin, and, abandoning Edessa, returned to Europe, and claimed the inheritance of his ancestors. The fame of Count Arnold's unexpected arrival soon spread through the neighbouring provinces, and at length reached the ears of thy father. Having known the count in childhood, thy sire hastened to congratulate him, and invite him to his castle. The count was then busied in preparations for his nuptials with his present lady, and two years elapsed before he found an opportunity of accepting the invitation. Soon after your birth your mother had read the table of thy destiny, but its results remained a secret in her bosom: she, however, declared that her mortal foe would also be thy worst enemy, and that the dangers threatened by his machinations could only be averted by the incessant watchfulness of thy guardian spirits.

"At length the long expected visit of Count Arnold took place: he was received by the baron, thy father, with open arms, and the baroness was summoned to hail his arrival. With indescribable horror she beheld, as he raised his visor, the unforgotten features of the Bathenien Ilderim. She fled from the hall with a sudden shriek, leaving the baron and his guest overwhelmed with astonishment. It was then that she taught thee the holy spell, and the efficacious words that control the powers of evil, and whispered to thee the secrets which give dominion over the elemental spirits. Vested with influence which thou couldst not understand, a change came over thy soul of which thou wert scarcely conscious. Since that hour I have been bound to thy service, and watched over thy safety.

"The history of his marriage, which the baron communicated to the count, revealed to the latter the extent of his danger. Poison afforded him the means of escape, and the leech sent to see thy mother was bribed to administer a medicated draught. Un-

suspicious of evil from one whom she had known so long, and distracted by the torturing recollections which the unexpected presence of Ilderim revived, she drank the cup of death, and knew not of her danger until it was too late to apply a remedy. Her last thoughts were of thee—at the midnight hour she sent for thee, and thou rememberest how she wept on thy cheeks, and told thee that Ilderim, who had destroyed her, would seek thy life also. While she spoke thus, he was communing with the demon Azazel, and had learned that destiny had given to thee a powerful influence over his fate. I had watched this unholy communion, and I spoke it in thy mother's secret soul. Exhausted nature was sinking, and she burst into wild exclamations, which brought thy father and all the tenants of the castle to her room. Her passionate appeal to Ilderim, her obscure hints of danger, her predictions of evil threatening thy life, were understood only by one; the others deemed that she was insane. She saw their error, but her efforts to explain accelerated the effect of the poison, and she expired. Count Arnold remained to console thy father, and, when on the eve of departure, exacted from him a promise that thou shouldst be sent hither to learn the exercises of chivalry. Thou hast seen his power—thou knowest thy danger; in the hour of worst need and utmost extremity, but not before, use the maternal spell, and the spirit Ayubi will hear thee and obey."

It has taken us long to tell this history, but the whole was presented to the mind of Jocelyn at a single glance. Time and place are the limits of our mortal organs, but cannot fetter the soul. Scarce had he comprehended the mysterious narrative when a peaceful calm fell upon his senses, and he sunk into repose, from which he woke not until the sun was high in heaven.

When Jocelyn came forth in the morning he found the castle in confusion; letters of importance had reached the baron, requiring his presence in a distant province, and it was uncertain how long his stay would be protracted. Jocelyn sought Hubert,

to learn some explanation of this sudden resolve, but he was nowhere to be found; and while engaged in the search he was unexpectedly summoned to meet the count in the great hall.

Arnold had now reached the meridian of life—

“Over his brow not time alone
A blight had in its transit sent,
But harrowing griefs and cares had gone,
And left their foot-prints as they went.”

Jocelyn felt involuntary respect mingle with his natural hatred against the murderer of his mother, as he gazed on the martial figure, the noble bearing, and the proud appearance of the count. This was so manifest in the obeisance he paid that Arnold noticed it, and was delighted as all men are with the real homage of the soul. “Young page,” said he, “thy services must be paid to the ladies of the castle during my absence, but I will give orders to the castellan that thy chivalrous exercises shall not be neglected, and if, on my return, I find thee perfect in the use of arms, thou shalt accompany me, as squire, to the Holy Land, whither our good King Philip and the Lion of England purpose, ere long, to lead their forces.”

Jocelyn bowed in silence, and the count, turning to his squire, D’Arblay, said, “To thee, D’Arblay, I entrust the wardship of this castle, and if, on my return, I find thy duty faithfully performed, the honour of knighthood shall be thine, and I will myself be thy godfather in chivalry.”

D’Arblay promised that all his exertions should be devoted to the safety of his charge, and the count soon after departed.

The hours spent by Jocelyn in the company of the countess and the Lady Emmeline fled by, winged with pleasure. The countess knew that she possessed not the affections of her husband: he had married her for the sake of the broad lands to which she was heiress, and when, after the lapse of two or three years, he found that their union was not likely to be blessed by a progeny, he withdrew himself from her society, and scarcely honoured her with the ordinary forms

of civility. The heart of the countess yearned for some object on which she might bestow her love, and she found in Emmeline, her supposed step-daughter, one every way worthy of her affectionate care. The circumstances of her early life had cast a shade of melancholy over the mind of Emmeline: she had a faint remembrance, somewhat like the impression produced by a horrid dream, of that night of terror which had deprived her of a mother, and her imagination loved to dwell on the gloomy topic. The stern dulness that reigned in Count Arnold’s castle increased the sombre cast of her mind, and the countess was but too ready to deepen this tendency to sadness. When first Jocelyn arrived at Count Arnold’s seat, full of youthful spirit, and animated with the prospects which the magic of hope opens to all in the dawning of life, the melancholy of the ladies made him wretched in their company, and he scarcely could force himself to fulfil the duties imposed on a page by the custom of the time; but when the dangers to which he stood exposed were revealed—when, by unaccountable means, he had become acquainted with secrets of terrific import, the disposition of the ladies became more accordant with his own, and he found delight in congenial gloom. The change was soon observed by Emmeline, and she bestowed more attention on the grave and serious Jocelyn, than he could have gained while he continued the merry and jocund page, who thought every hour that brought not some new source of merriment a blank in his existence. The increasing similarity of disposition led to an intimacy which the countess sanctioned and encouraged. Its daily progress rendered Jocelyn unwilling to send to his father, as he had at first intended, an account of what he had witnessed in the chapel, and before he had prepared an epistle, he received intelligence that his father had embarked once more for the Holy Land.

The absence of Count Arnold was protracted for several months, and during this period the intercourse between Jocelyn and Emmeline had

rapidly assumed a more tender, and even affectionate, character. In an hour of confidence, she revealed to him the strange suspicions that sometimes floated across her mind, that she was not really the daughter of Count Arnold. "A chill comes over my spirits," she said, "whenever he speaks to me, and my soul feels a horror in his presence; yet my heart yearns for the ideal authors of my being."

Jocelyn felt some difficulty in framing an answer; to tell the history related by Ayubi he dared not; but he suggested to her the possibility of some mistake having arisen on the night that the castle in the east had been stormed, and was rejoiced to find her eagerly grasp at the idea.

"Some events that I cannot explain," she said, "have been pictured to my sleeping fancy with all the force of reality. I have dreamed of a battle-field, where lay a noble warrior weltering in his blood, while over him stood another whose horned bonnet showed him to be one of those assassins, of whom the crusaders tell us such horrid tales. I once caught a glimpse of the features that the bonnet shaded: they were—I shudder as I tell it—those of Count Arnold! At the same time it was whispered in my soul that I saw my father and his murderer!"

Jocelyn frequently recurred to the subject of this dream, and endeavoured to suggest additional doubts; at length Emmeline became firmly persuaded that Arnold was not her father, and eagerness to discover her real parents became with her an absorbing passion.

The departure of the Kings of England and France to recover Palestine from the dominion of Saladin, collected the best warriors of Europe on the shores of the Mediterranean. But neither religion, nor even the thirst of military glory, could be assigned as the motive that influenced many soldiers of the cross. Several of the adventurers were bankrupts both in fortune and reputation; they hoped to acquire broad lands in Syria, perhaps to become the founders of new dynasties—the authors of new races of

kings. Count Arnold had declared his anxiety to proceed to the Holy Land in the train of King Philip, and had sent home orders to arm his vassals; but months rolled away, and the expedition had sailed long before he made any effective preparation to perform his promise. At length he returned home when he was least expected, and issued orders that instant levies should be made, and that all his warriors should be ready forthwith to march towards Marseilles, where he purposed to embark. At the same time he declared his resolution to take the Lady Emmeline with him, but peremptorily rejected the petition of the countess to accompany her lord and her adopted daughter. Jocelyn was placed in command of one division of the count's vassals, and was ordered to lead them on their way to the seaport a few days before the baron proceeded thither also with the main body.

Nothing remarkable occurred to our hero on the march: he reached Marseilles on the evening of the fifth day, a little before sunset, and, having seen his men safely lodged in their quarters, strolled out to enjoy the, to him, novel sight of the sea and shipping. As he paced the shore, he observed that he was followed and watched by an aged pilgrim, who seemed anxious to gain his attention. Jocelyn approached, and tendered him an alms, which the other rejected, and then, turning round to see that no one could overhear them, he said, in a low, but distinct, voice, "Sir squire, I would speak with you alone; follow me at such a distance as not to attract notice." The pilgrim then turned away, and proceeded, with a speed not at all consistent with his aged appearance, towards the city. He passed through its streets with the same quickness, and paused not until he reached the gate leading to the country, when he stopped for a moment, and cast a hasty glance round to see whether Jocelyn followed. He made a mute sign inviting him to advance farther, and continued his hasty pace. When they had gone so far as to lose sight of the wall, he turned from the road to a narrow pathway which led them into a thick grove

tangled with underwood. After penetrating into this for a brief distance, he stopped at the door of a ruined hut, and waited till Jocelyn came up. "Come in here," said the stranger; and the youth, unsheathing his dagger, and muttering a prayer to the Virgin, obeyed.

There was not in the hut a sign of its having been used for a human habitation; the roof was so broken into large fissures that it had little more than a nominal existence—the sides, constructed of loose branches, seemed as if a strong blast would have torn them asunder. When Jocelyn and the palmer had entered the hut, the latter, throwing off his cloak, revealed to our hero the features of Hubert, who had suddenly disappeared the morning after the awful scene in the ruined chapel. To Jocelyn's involuntary exclamation of surprise he answered in the following terms:—"Yes, I am Hubert; but interrupt me not, my hours are numbered, and unless my service be quickly performed, the opportunity will be for ever lost."

"Are you ill?" inquired Jocelyn, affectionately.

"No; but a power that cannot be resisted is arrayed against my life. Count Arnold has sworn my destruction; within two nights will come the hour when the elemental spirits must obey his spell, and from their ken earth's deepest caverns will not hide me. The count has sold himself to the evil demons; in a luckless hour I discovered the secret, and have been for years an unwilling sharer in his unhallowed rites. When he promised to bestow the hand of his daughter on the Bathenien prince Abdallah, and to aid in his attempt to establish the dynasty of the Assassins on the ruins of the kingdoms both of cross and crescent, he consulted those spirits which obey his spells, and received from them replies so dark and mysterious that he was left in utter uncertainty. Again he tried more potent conjurations, and learned, but still obscurely, that your destiny was interwoven with that of the Lady Emmeline, and that her fate would be beyond his control when you were re-

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moved from the sphere of his power. But though induced, by this warning, to take the charge of your instruction in chivalry, he could not conquer the feelings of dislike occasioned by your resemblance to your mother, whom, for some unknown cause, he hated intensely. In one of his conjurations he learned that my hand should one day be raised against his life, and he therefore resolved on my destruction. I have escaped for a season, because the hour of his authority has not yet come; but it is not far distant. I have but one way to atone for the sins of my life: take this parchment, it is the key to the cipher in which the enemies of both Mahometans and Christians correspond. Study it well, and ere the second sun from this is set burn it, and fling the ashes to the winds of heaven. Thus will Arnold not discover that thou holdest the key to his secrets. But if you destroy it not, he will learn from his demons where it lies concealed, and you will fall a victim to his rage and suspicion. Swear now to me that, on the third day from this, thou wilt cause masses to be said for my miserable soul, which will have parted from the body ere that day's sun has risen."

Jocelyn gave the required promise, and took the scroll. Hubert then continued—

"In your hands will lie the safety of the Christian princes, for you will be able to discover the marks placed on the tents to guide the daggers of the assassins whom the treacherous count will conduct into the camp. And now follow me to the town ere the gates be closed for the night: speak not, accompany me not beyond the portcullis—suspicion would involve you in my ruin."

Jocelyn obeyed in silence: they parted when they reached the city gates, and of Hubert's fate nothing further is known. Jocelyn kept the promises that he had made, having destroyed the scroll at the time appointed, and purchased masses for the dead as he had sworn.

On the arrival of the count with his vassals, the armament that had been already prepared set sail, and, after a prosperous voyage, arrived in the har-

bour of Acre. Thence they marched to join the Christians encamped on the plains near Joppa, and found the army distracted by the fiercest dissensions. Jocelyn sought out his father, whom he found a zealous partisan of the King of England; while Arnold declared himself resolved to support the malcontents. Private friendship could not atone for this political difference, and Jocelyn's father soon removed him from the count's household, and procured for him a subordinate command among the Angevins, who followed the banners of England.

Some days after this occurrence Jocelyn, walking in the vicinity of the camp, saw some marks cut on the bark of a tree, which he knew to be secret symbols of the Batheniens. They were—"To-night I keep watch at the western gate; strike when the moon rises." Returning to his tent, Jocelyn carelessly inquired who guarded the western gate, and was answered Count Arnold. He sought his father, with the design of revealing to him his suspicions, when the voice of Ayubi was heard in his soul. "Thy secret is safe in thy own bosom, for a superior power guards thee; but if entrusted to one not similarly protected, Arnold will find it out by his spiritual agents, and change his plans."

Jocelyn accordingly determined to withhold his confidence, but to watch the more diligently to avert the danger. As he passed through the camp, he saw other signs of treachery—the tracks leading to the part where Richard and his followers lay were marked by the symbols of the Batheniens—the signals of death were traced on the tents of Richard and his boldest barons: on his own was the symbolic inscription, "bind fast, but spare life."

While endeavouring to think of some plan by which the danger might be averted, he beheld his father coming towards him, accompanied by Sir Ralph Mowbray, an old English knight. When they came up Jocelyn learned that the disputes between the leaders of the French and English in the council that day had assumed a more violent character than ever, and

that they had been with difficulty prevented from coming to blows by the influence of the Archbishop of Tyre. He suggested the propriety of being prepared against the treachery of which the Austrian prince was notoriously capable, and proposed that additional guards should be posted.

"Boy," asked Mowbray, abruptly, "did Count Arnold, when you dwelt in his castle, ever receive messages from the east?"

"I have heard," replied Jocelyn, "that he sometimes corresponded with a Georgian prince who had aided in redeeming him from captivity."

"Then, by our lady," replied Mowbray, "I will not trust him with the interpretation of the intercepted letter, though I know not to whom else to apply."

Jocelyn remarked, that an old servant of the count's, who had accompanied his master into captivity, had taught him some of the Asiatic languages, and the secret of their symbolic correspondence.

The elder Jocelyn then spoke. "The latter is what we need, for I cannot discover in what language the letter is written, and I believe it to be a cipher."

"Where was it taken?" inquired the younger Jocelyn.

"One of our bold English archers," said Mowbray, "supposing that the forest glades here resembled those of merry Sherwood, stole out last night to procure some venison; while watching in a covert he saw a being of strange form, having two horns on its head: he drew his bow, and drove his shaft into the skull: coming up to see what it was, he found, to his astonishment, that the unknown animal was one of the assassins of whom the archbishop has often spoken. In his bonnet he found this letter, which he brought to me—here it is."

Jocelyn took it, and, when the three had retired to the baron's tent, read as follows:—

"The source of the pure light sendeth a beam of his intelligence to the brave Ilderim. Know that the brightness has removed from Kaf to Carmel, where it shineth in all its glory. The dominations that com-

mand the elements have bowed before the altar, and will obey him who has the word of power. Though thou abidest in the tents of those who worship Issa (Jesus), yet will the spirits hear thy call. They will bring to thee the armed hands and the steel-fenced hearts when the rising moon shall mix her light with the signal flame. Be thou ready, be thou brave, be thou fortunate, and the fruit of thy loins shall sit on the throne of Zerdusht."

"There is treachery somewhere," said Mowbray; "but this letter explains it not; come with me, young man, to the king, and hear what he will say."

Jocelyn accompanied Mowbray to the royal tent. On their entrance they found Richard listening, with obvious impatience, to certain remonstrances which the Archbishop of Tyre was making on the subject of the unseemly violence which the hot monarch had shown in the council. Jocelyn was introduced as a person capable of interpreting the letter that had been discovered, and the king at once ordered it to be read. A momentary silence followed the perusal, which was broken by Richard's exclaiming, "Ilderim! surely I have heard that name before?"

"He was the conqueror of Edessa," said the archbishop, "a Bathenien renegade, of whom nothing has been heard since Saladin subdued the princes of the assassins."

"Know you aught of his personal appearance, my lord and father?" asked the king.

"I have heard from Edward Courtenay, who died at Ptolemais, that the apostate bears on his left shoulder an inverted cross, the symbol of his having sold himself to the powers of evil, with whom he works unhallowed spells."

Jocelyn mentioned the circumstance of his having seen marks resembling the cipher in which the letter was written in the precincts of the English camp. Instant examination was resolved, and the marks easily discovered.

"Traitors lurk in the Christian hold!" exclaimed the archbishop;

but the king motioned him to be silent.

"I will, to-night," said Richard, "visit the Duke of Burgundy, in token of reconciliation: he is thy friend, holy sire, do thou tell him to be prepared one hour after the watch is set." Then, turning to Jocelyn, he continued, "I have noticed thy behaviour in several skirmishes, and seen thee display equal coolness and valour; to thee and Mowbray I commit the charge of the English watch to-night."

The English knight and the young squire took secretly the necessary precautions to guard against surprise. The sentinels were doubled, bands of archers posted so as to command the path that led to the English enclosure, and divisions of chosen troops assembled ready to speed to the alarm posts at a moment's warning. The watches of the general camp marched to their stations at sunset. The archbishop went round to give them his nightly blessing, but on reaching the western gate he was surprised to find every mark of carelessness.

"Who commands here?" asked the holy father.

"The noble Count Arnold," was the reply.

"And where is he?"

"Gone to watch for a deer in yonder grove," said a tipsy sentinel—"a deer not like those of lovely France, for the horns were straight that peeped from the thicket."

The archbishop started when he heard the soldier name the well-known cognizance of the Batheniens: he resolved at once to examine Count Arnold's tent, and to order up a fresh force to take the place of the drunken crew that guarded the gate. For this purpose he sought the tent of the Duke of Burgundy, and entered it nearly at the moment that the King of England made his conciliatory visit. There was a large assemblage of the lords of the Christian council, and the archbishop, not knowing whom chiefly to suspect, was unwilling to communicate his intelligence aloud, and much precious time was wasted before he could find an opportunity of whispering a few words in the ear of Bur-

gundy. The duke, on hearing the archbishop's detail, gave immediate, but private, orders that some chosen companies should be held in readiness, and requested Raymond, the wise Count of Antioch, to accompany the archbishop with a troop of his followers.

Mowbray and Jocelyn were sitting near the palisades of the English enclosure, the hour of midnight was fast approaching, and as yet they had discovered no sign of alarm. A sentinel came past, and Mowbray asked if all was well. The sentinel replied that he had seen nothing but a dog of unusual size, and rather strange bearing, that had once or twice approached his post. Mowbray was about to dismiss the man, when Jocelyn, struck by the circumstance, asked minutely respecting the path taken by the dog, his appearance, and the spot in which he had been seen most frequently. The answers to these queries roused the suspicions of Mowbray: he proposed that they should go and watch the animal themselves. Jocelyn consented, and taking with them two archers, they followed the sentinel to the spot where he had last seen the dog, which was near the entrance of the enclosure. While waiting for his re-appearance the moon began to rise from behind a distant hill, and as it gradually ascended they saw its beams mingle with the light of a fire suddenly kindled on the peak. Mowbray and Jocelyn turned their eyes from the path to observe this phenomenon, at the same moment the sentinel called out, "The dog!" and ere they could turn again he had disappeared. Another moment and he was seen to make a strange leap across the path, and Jocelyn, turning to one of the archers, said, "A shaft when he next appears." The archer held his bow ready, and when the dog was soon seen creeping up the narrow pathway, pinned him to the earth with an arrow. Before, however, they could examine the body, the shouts of "Allah Achar!" were heard in the centre of the Christian camp, and a barbarous horde, that seemed to have sprung from the earth, rushed against the English lines. The precautions that had been taken in some

measure diminished the danger, but still the assailants were able to force part of the enclosure, and the burning of several tents threw a new and horrid light on the scene. This had been the work of a few moments, but when the reserve guards of the English moved up, the progress of the enemy was checked. The horned bonnets of the assailants, visible by the moon's pale light, and by the conflagration of the camp, showed that they belonged to the abominable race of the Batheniens, a wound from whose poisoned weapons was mortal. The men-at-arms gave back before such fearful foes; Jocelyn and Mowbray encouraged them in vain; but at the moment that they were about to give way, Richard's voice was heard, and with renewed courage the English and Angevins closed upon their foes. The whole camp was now alarmed, and the assassins, dreading to be surrounded by all the Christian forces, began to retire. The prowess of Richard soon turned their retreat into a flight; and Jocelyn was hurrying on in the pursuit, when the voice of the spirit was heard within, "Rescue the Lady Emmeline."

Taking with him four or five of the soldiers who were nearest him, he rushed toward the tents of Count Arnold, and as he approached, the shrieks of females gave the speed of lightning to his steps. Springing into the front of the enclosure, he saw the Lady Emmeline clinging to the aged Archbishop of Tyre, while two Batheniens attempted to force her away; and near her he beheld Count Raymond, sinking on his knees before a Bathenien leader, who had his arm raised to give the deadly blow. The shout of Jocelyn astounded the Batheniens; one that held the Lady Emmeline fell beneath his sword; but the Bathenien chief, striking a random blow at the falling Raymond, rushed towards Jocelyn, and hurled him in an instant to the earth. At the same moment he bethought him of his mother's spell, and as he completed the mystic words, the voice of Ayubi spoke courage to his soul, and he found new strength in his limbs. He sprung to his feet, and grappled with the Bathe-

nien chief. Surprised at his recovery, the assassin staggered, his horned bonnet fell off, and a blow from Jocelyn's sword struck off his gorget and laid bare his left arm.

"Ilderim!" exclaimed the archbishop.

"Arnold!" said the exhausted Raymond.

"My father!" cried the shuddering Emmeline, and fainted.

The apostate rushed desperately on Jocelyn, but as they closed in fight, a voice exclaimed—"The hour of our potency is passed; thou must away or perish." He sprung aside, and made an effort to grasp the inanimate form of Emmeline, but only seized her robe. Jocelyn threw himself towards the body of his lady-love, and at the same moment spoke the spell almost aloud. Arnold caught the sound, and spoke his own words of power—a crash of thunder, and a vivid flash, astounded and dazzled those around, and when they recovered Arnold was gone, bearing with him the fragment of Emmeline's robe that he had grasped.

Soldiers with torches soon came up, and the archbishop, whose robe the lady still held in her unconscious grasp, stooped to raise her from the ground. In doing so, his eye fell suddenly on the mark of a lion grasping a standard, which had been artificially stained on her breast. The effect that this sight produced on him astounded the spectators: he let her fall from his hands, and throwing himself on the body, addressed her by every endearing name that affection could suggest.

When consciousness returned to Emmeline she found herself supported by Jocelyn and the archbishop; both addressing her in terms of fondness, but each seemingly unconscious of the other's presence. Raymond, though weak and wounded, saw that an end should be put to this strange scene, and directed that the lady should be borne to the archbishop's tent, and, at the same time, he roused Jocelyn to a sense of the duties which he had still to perform.

The rest of the night was spent in great anxiety, but the examination

instituted in the morning revealed the circumstances of Arnold's treachery. He had led the Batheniens through the western gate to the vacant space round the English enclosure, at one side of which his own tents stood. One of the assassins, covered with the skin of a dog, was to approach the entrance of the English camp, and murder the unwary sentinel. Richard and his chief nobles were to be slain; and Jocelyn to be conveyed a prisoner to the Bathenien caves, and compelled to lose the protection given by the maternal spell, by swearing homage to the powers of evil.

King Richard summoned the Christian council early in the day. Count Raymond and the Archbishop of Tyre alone were absent. The former, however, soon arrived, and excused the absence of the latter by declaring that he had found a daughter. All stared with astonishment, and the King of England, bursting into a loud laugh, exclaimed, "An archbishop's daughter, my lords!"

But ere he could say more Raymond interrupted him—

"The holy archbishop was once a warrior, and the best that his elder brother, the Count of Edessa, held in his dominions. When the forces of Ilderim threatened to destroy the principality, he quitted his young wife and infant child to summon the chivalry of Antioch to aid in the defence of Edessa; before his return, the forces of the Courtenays had been defeated, the city taken, his family either slain or captive. Still he raised a few soldiers, and endeavoured to make head against Ilderim. A battle was fought, in which he met the formidable chief hand to hand; but young Courtenay fell under the falchion of the Bathenien, and was left for dead on the plain. When he recovered a little he found himself lying, covered with wounds, exposed to the fierce glare of a Syrian sun, and vowed that if his life was spared the remainder of it should be dedicated to the service of his Creator. He was found there by a pious hermit, who kept him in a mountain cell until he had recovered. Thence he went to Rome, and was admitted to holy orders by

the pope himself; the abilities he displayed ensured his promotion, and, at length, he obtained the archiepiscopal see of Tyre. Before his departure from Edessa he had impressed the cognizance of his branch of the Courtenays on the breast of his daughter; this mark he observed last night on the Lady Emmeline, and additional inquiries among the old servants of the renegade Arnold have supplied sufficient proof that she is his long-lost child."

Our story is about to pass over an interval of twelve months; during which period Jocelyn had been honoured with the order of knighthood, and rewarded with the hand of the Lady Emmeline. The accounts received of the fortunes of Arnold were vague and unsatisfactory. He was known to have sought refuge in the court of a Georgian prince, and to have been driven from thence by the unconquerable and unaccountable aversion of the princess. It was added, that he had revenged himself by leading an army of Batheniens into the territories of the Georgian chief, whom he had driven from his throne.

The week before the crusaders made their final attempt to march upon Jerusalem, Jocelyn was summoned to the tent of King Richard. He found there the principal Christian leaders, debating on the means of obtaining a supply of provisions. On the entrance of Jocelyn, the English king said, "This knight, my lords and brothers, may be trusted for both expeditions: he can lead the convoy hither from Ptolemais, and on the road, if we appoint a place of meeting, he will, as a true chevalier, undertake to escort the noble and unfortunate ladies who have sought our protection."

The proposition was heard with unanimous applause, and Jocelyn, having received ample directions, proceeded, with his troop of faithful Angevins, to escort the convoy from Ptolemais.

His orders were that, on his return, he should deviate a little from the direct road, towards the village of Erzouk, and that he should there halt until joined by two Georgian ladies, whom he was to conduct in all honour and safety to the Christian camp.

Nothing remarkable occurred on the journey, but on his return, when near the place where he was to deviate from the ordinary route, he thought that he remarked something suspicious in the conduct of his guide. Glances fraught with meaning were interchanged between him and some of the drivers of the waggons; after which they separated from the convoy on some idle pretext, but soon returned. Jocelyn took an opportunity of visiting the spot which one of them had quitted, and saw on the turf the assassin symbols. They were so brief as to convey little information, but still he conjectured rightly that they menaced an attack on their halting-place for the night. The convoy reached the place of encampment, near Erzouk, early in the evening, and received a message from the unknown ladies that they were concealed in the neighbourhood, and would join him early in the morning. The guide then came, and pretending business in the village, sought leave of absence, which Jocelyn willingly conceded; but no sooner had he departed than Jocelyn seized the waggons with whom he had marked his connection, and confining them in different tents, subjected each to a separate examination. From the knowledge Jocelyn displayed of the Bathenien symbols, each conspirator supposed that he had been betrayed by his companion, and, to save his life, revealed the circumstances of the plot. For a large bribe three of the drivers had agreed to murder a sentinel, and, taking his place, to give a sign of their success to the Batheniens ambushed in the neighbourhood, by exhibiting, and immediately extinguishing, a lighted torch. Assembling his Angevins, Jocelyn told them, in general terms, of the conspiracy, and declared his intentions to surprise the assassins in turn. At the appointed hour, one of the treacherous drivers exhibited the signal, and the Bathenien troop was seen to approach. "Is all right?" said the leader; the driver replied in the affirmative. "Forward then," said he; but another interposed, and said, "He bears a charmed life; wait until the moon rises, for then our spirits have power."

Jocelyn heard the words, and knew the voice of Arnold. The moon rose almost immediately, and the Batheniens made for the tents. At this moment the Angevins rushed upon them, and the assassins, completely surprised, fell beneath their swords. "Call on thy friends, Ilderim," shouted the leader. Jocelyn heard the words, and repeated the maternal spell. Arnold uttered his words of power, and Azazel stood before him. "Now, spirit, for thy promised aid," said the apostate. "It is too late," said the demon, "I am held down by superior power; despair and fly." The baffled Batheniens now attempted to make their escape; one of them tumbled just at the feet of Jocelyn, and his bonnet falling off, revealed the features of his treacherous guide. The young knight was about to deal a mortal stroke, when the treacherous wretch grasped his knees, and offered, if his life was spared, to lead him to the secret retreat of Ilderim. Having secured the wretch between two soldiers, our hero continued the pursuit, and gained fast on the assassins.

Ilderim and his companions rushed towards a stream, rapid, but usually shallow; but when they approached, a willow that grew on the banks fell into the stream, and the water thus dammed up rose at once to a dangerous height. "Sign the first!" said a voice in the ear of the startled count. He rushed along the bank of the river, and seeing a cottage, burst open the door. An aged and a youthful female were sitting on the floor. They shrieked at the sight of the assassin's horned bonnet, and the eldest, snatching up a knife, prepared to defend her child. The count took off the bonnet: "Ilderim, my husband!" cried the aged lady; "My father!" shrieked the younger. "Sign the second!" responded the demon.

The astounded apostate spoke the words of power almost unconsciously aloud; his daughter repeated the

words. "Sign the third!" said Azazel, who stood with a scornful smile before him.

The count's sword fell from his hand, and he shrieked out—"Oh! was it for this that I gave up the faith of my fathers, and bowed at thy demon altar in Carmel? Was it for this that I trampled upon the symbol of salvation?" The sound of pursuers at the door was heard, and the voice of Jocelyn cried, "Yes, it was for this, apostate! What but evil could the powers of evil bestow?" "Signs fourth and fifth!" said the demon, with a scowl; "and sixth!" he added, as Jocelyn, with two of his followers, rushed into the cottage. "Apostate, murderer, poisoner, wizard!" cried the young hero, "the measure of thy crimes is full—the avenger of his mother, foretold by the demon in thy accursed chapel, is come." The sword of retribution descended as he spoke: "Sign the seventh!" was thundered by a terrible voice; "he is ours!" and a mingled echo, like the roaring of the multitudinous waves, repeated "he is ours!"

Here our tale must abruptly end. Jocelyn could only discover that these were the ladies entrusted to his charge, but of their history he could learn nothing. He conducted them to the Christian camp, where he was told that the younger was the dethroned and widowed Princess of Georgia, who was seeking the refuge of a convent for herself and her aged relative.

The dissension between the leaders of the crusade compelled Richard to make peace with Saladin, after which he returned home. Jocelyn remained for some time longer in Palestine with his father-in-law, but on the death of the archbishop came back to Brittany, where he lived long in the enjoyment of fame and happiness. He took the name and title of Courtenay, in right of his wife, and his descendants aver that the elemental spirit Ayubi still watches over the safety of their family.

FRIENDSHIP.

ADDRESSED TO ———.

BY WILLIAM MINOT, JUN. ESQ.

WHEN life is in its spring, and the glad heart
 Is full of bright imaginings, man wakes
 With a pleas'd and fev'rish ecstasy his lyre
 To the harmonious breathings of young love.
 The soft, the soul-entrancing theme is rich
 In eloquent ardour, for *one sweet name*
 Is breath'd, in musical cadence, from his heart—
 That heart full of the vital essence draws
 From its deep centre of devoted life,
 And pours itself along the speaking page!
 His path is deck'd with flow'rs, and if a tear,
 For some light sorrow shed, suffuse his eye,
 'Tis like the dew-drop on the violet
 Which the first joyous sunbeam kisses off.
 Oh, youth! how full art thou of pride! how fraught
 With expectation and with promise! Thine,
 Thine is the season of high hope—thou fram'st
 In smiling thought the superstructure fair
 Of present and of future blessedness!
 And man, just on the threshold of his spring,
 Enamour'd of the scene his fancy paints
 Dwells on the picture till he deems it true!
 But years grow on, and disappointments come,
 And part by part the fairy prospect fades—
 Tho' late so blissful, not a day goes by
 But robs him of some promis'd boon, till now
 The very shadow of his hope is gone;
 And having feasted on ideal good
 He loathes the dull reality of life!
 But still *one* joy remains—the heart of her
 For whom he touch'd his silver-toned lyre,
 To whom he breath'd in love's sweet melody
 The music of his vows—*she will be his!*—
 Vain dream! or fortune frowns, or adverse friends,
 Or accident is there to blight his joy—
 His days are chang'd—unchanged still his heart—
 He tunes his lyre to other themes, and gives
 The lay to FRIENDSHIP which he gave to LOVE.
 Yes! thou hast bid me raise my voice, and clothe
 In mortal accents an immortal theme—
 For is not Friendship next to Love? and both
 Coeval with, and wreath'd upon the soul?
 The solemn frank-pledge of our nature's being,
 The double cord that binds us, and by which
 We joy in social order, to be bound?
 Once more then will I search my heart and draw
 From its deep spring, as from a groundless well,
 The spirit of my subject, and transfuse
 Its energetic presence o'er my page.
 Blest pow'r! whose glorious origin is stamp'd
 With the high impress of Jehovah's love—
 For did not He—the Son—the Saviour—wear
 Thee in his heart, when he did robe his limbs

In mortal bondage and consent to die
 That Adam's offspring might inherit Heav'n!—
 Spread wide thy radiance thro' my soul, and teach
 My grateful voice to triumph in thy praise!
 Blest pow'r! who art thyself a world replete
 With ev'ry true and generous design!
 Who art an ocean, all whose waters bear
 Peace, on its halcyon waves, to man! a sun
 Whose ray is beauty—and whose fire is love.
 Oh! purge my mind from ev'ry worldly dross,
 And make my soul, wherein thou dwellest, pure:
 Become a portion of its life, and be
 Its all pervading and essential joy!—
 Thou art twin-born with Love, the heart must hold
 And press the double blessing to its core—
 Thou'rt like Religion, meek, long-suffering, fraught
 With charity, and rich in cloudless faith—
 When social hearts unite thou spurn'st to see
 The blot that meets the scrutinizing gaze
 Of him who is no votary of thine!
 Beneath thy care the mind dilates, the heart,
 Expanding, grows into a mine of truth.
 A brother's faults are soften'd o'er, and if
 Thy voice assume the monitor, 'tis full
 Of kind persuasion and benevolent care.
 There is no harshness in its anxious tone—
 No vain, disgusting petulance of speech—
 Tho' firm 'tis smooth, and graceful tho' sincere!
 Friendship! if I, thy humble bard, have flung
 One added lustre round thy hallow'd name,
 I was but as the charmed air that woos
 The soft Æolian instrument to sound,
 Her's was th' exalted wish that bid me breathe
 In musical measures thy revered pow'r.

DO NOT FORGET!

BY CHARLES MAY.

Do not forget, o'er other scenes
 The while thine eyes delighted rove
 The hours of youth, thy childhood's home
 Of innocence and love!

Oft let the joys that once were thine
 In fancy's dreams revisit thee—
 Oh, they shall prove a plenteous source
 Of blissful memory!

Honours may dazzle, wealth allure,
 And power attract thine eager grasp—
 Beware, lest, to thy sorrow, thou
 An empty shadow clasp.

But there *are* joys that never fade—
 The joys that virtue can impart;
 And there's a treasure nought can spoil—
 An uncorrupted heart!

May ne'er, to follow wealth and fame,
 From honour's path thy footsteps rove—
 May ne'er thy heart forget its home
 Of innocence and love!

THE WINNER WEARS.

A TALE OF CHARLES THE SECOND'S ROYSTERING TIMES.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER.

Carlos.—Win her, and wear her, sir!

Love makes a Man.

"CERTES she hath the brightest eye in Christendom! Its starry lustre transcends the sheen of crystal; its azure hue puts to shame the blue sky of a summer morn; and its heart-wounding glance is more to be dreaded than that of a basilisk. By the royal martyr's head, I would lose a limb to gain her hand!"

"She is worthy such a sacrifice! and then her lips—Zoons! they would tempt an anchorite to taste them! The richest coral, moulded by the fires of love, could not attain their smiling curve, or reach, even in appearance, their delicious ripeness. Oh! I shall run stark mad if I do not possess her!"

"Well, sirs, ye have spoken in round raptures of her charming face; but what say ye to the charms of her pocket, which jingle to the tune of some few thousand marks? By the nose of Nol, an' old Rowley don't reward my father's services in his cause by bestowing upon me her hand, I will turn Puritan, and re-act the Whitehall Tragedy!"

Such were the exclamations of three young sparks on their way from Oxford (where they had been to visit some college friends) to Peterborough. They had gained the inmost fastnesses of Whittlebury Forest, and were now seeking a retreat, beneath the shadowy foliage of a sycamore, from the noon-tide sun, under which, for the last half hour, they had been riding. The first speaker was a tall, handsome cavalier, whose raven locks hung proudly upon his blue doublet, and whose large black eye bespoke him to be of gentle blood. He was named Aubert St. Leon, and boasted of no patrimony beyond his nomenclature, a

tried sword, and a tough arm to wield it. Between him and the second speaker there existed a cousin-german relationship, although no traces of resemblance were apparent; for Wilfred Massinger—Aubert's relative—was conceited, arrogant, and impetuous; besides which, he stood no very equivocal chance of inheriting a good estate and swelling title. He was not, however, at present too much incumbered with the weight of cash, though every way inclined to spend it, and was frequently forced to borrow from St. Leon's limited store to assist in supporting his extravagance. This was the sole impeller of even the cold civility with which he treated his cousin, and had the latter not been enabled occasionally to supply his wants, our doughty cavalier of high pretensions would never have vouchsafed an exchange of syllables with the more prudent and generous St. Leon. A truly noble mind is unsuspecting of deceit in others, and thus it was with Aubert: he suspected not that the very man who flattered whilst importuning him for gold would, in his absence, ridicule him, and invent plots of which he was the intended victim. All this was, by Wilfred, considered as mighty wit, and the associates of his aimless life applauded it as such, but none more so than his boon companion, Francis Vernon, whom we beg to introduce to our readers as the third speaker in the preceding dialogue. He was of a kindred spirit with Massinger, yet possessed of more solidity: pleasure wooed and won him at every turn, but he invariably, in the stirring chase after her smiling flowers, had a more fixed purpose than the mere eph-

meral gratification of the passing moment; whilst his friend was content with inhaling their sweets, and then heedlessly casting them from him—too frequently crushed and despoiled. Vernon also possessed qualifications which the other had not; his powers of calculation were good, his imagination fertile in expedients to better his fortunes, and his designs crafty and well-laid. He always examined the premises, principle, and propositions of a plan before he entered upon it, whereas Wilfred heedlessly dashed headlong into the execution of any rare project, without ascertaining whether he should fall into a rocky ravine, or a foaming torrent. In two things, however, the trio entirely assimilated: all were alike brave—and in want of a rich wife.

The subject of their converse was the highly renowned Katrine Penruddock, daughter to Sir Guy of that name, and heiress to his immense possessions in and near the right ancient town of Leicester. How shall I describe her whose charms beggared all description? Bright, airy sylph! what language boasts of sufficient poetic variety to paint with fidelity thy peerless loveliness? Ah me! none! and thine exquisite form, thy seraph-like eye, thy fair brow—oh! so delicately fair!—must all pass undescribed. But, sainted one, I *can* speak of thy sparkling virtues—I can dwell upon the bewitching playfulness which invested every look and tone, proclaiming thee the queen of all hearts; and I can touch upon thy gentleness of manners, which would not suffer thee to inflict a pang upon even thy most annoying suitors. Yet why need I dwell upon this subject? Let the artist of the mind as well as person direct his contemplatory observation to the beautiful and innocent of our own age, and he will find many—many living portraits of the Lady Katrine Penruddock.

Sir Guy was one of the few bluff old cavaliers who had sacrificed every thing for his monarch during the civil wars, and been adequately rewarded for his loyalty. He was now a hearty old blade of sixty years standing, respected for his principles, adored for

his hospitality, and laughed at for his eccentricities. Few could count a greater number of scars won in fight, and few boasted of more *marks* for each blow; his principal delight was, nevertheless, in his daughter: she was the prop of his declining years, and he gratified her every wish—her every whim; and truly the young lady was at times very whimsical, as, at certain periods, she would retire for hours together to a flowery alcove at the extremity of her father's park, and seclude herself from all society, despite the inducements which a glittering train of lovers held out for her to mix in it. Various were the conjectures which this occasioned, but, as she assumed an air of impenetrable mystery whenever questioned upon the subject, the ill-natured, scandalizing world set it down as an unequivocal fact, that she only went for the sheer conceited purpose of gazing, like another Narcissus, upon her own charms in a placid lymph which served to keep green the verdure around her favourite bower.

Sir Guy Penruddock, amongst other acts of generosity, had adopted the orphan son of a deceased brother-in-arms, and reared him as a child of his own. When the youth arrived at a proper age he was dispatched to Oxford College, there to fit himself for one of the learned professions, and once a quarter Sir Guy journeyed from Leicester to see him. His third visit was made about the time of the commencement of our history, and after remaining some days with his protégé, the cumbrous, gilded coach was put in order for his return. A modern Jehu would have lifted up his eyes and wondered to have beheld the vehicle in which the old knight deposited his *propria persona*. It was but little inferior in size to a waggon of the present day, and rumbled majestically along, drawn by four Flanders' mares, as sleek and as fat as dray horses. On the coach-box—then a very recent addition to carriages—there sat a tall, gaunt-looking figure, in a leathern jerkin and buff trunks, over which were drawn a pair of red stockings with blue and yellow stripes, and behind the coach were two lacquies,

whose spruce attire shone in gaudy contrast to the plain habiliments of the driver. The cavalcade was escorted by some half dozen grooms, well mounted and armed, together with a led horse for the knight's convenience when he wished to enjoy a little fresh air. In this manner he proceeded till he reached Syresham, where he put up for the night, (twenty-seven miles being then no inconsiderable distance to travel in one day,) and on the following morning, a little before noon, he recommenced his route. He had already attained the outskirts of Whittlebury Forest, when the heat and closeness of his carriage became so intolerable, that he mounted his horse and rode onward in the van of his attendants, enjoying the cool zephyr which wafted a thousand delicious scents about him, and fanned his heated brow.

"Would that old Rowley would take my advice, and canter a little more among such scenes as these, instead of running about the park after masques and raree-shows," said the old knight, half aloud, as he looked, smilingly, first to the right, then to the left, and, lastly, straight forward, upon the green hills which every where bounded the landscape, excepting that part occupied by the forest. "Pize on the merry rogue! he'd shake a score of years from his shoulders by doing so. Adad! I'll bind him hand and foot, and bring him perforce, if he will not of his own accord." Then,

"I sing of a nose—a terrible nose—

Hey trol! trol la lee!

O! may it soon hiss in the water of woes,
And I be there to see."

This interruption was followed by an instantaneous and profound silence within the building.

"Aha!" cried the knight, "I've quieted the crop-eared knaves, with a

"Troll lol,

Down with old Nol,

And when he is down, what then?

Why then—

The king shall enjoy his own again."

"Peace! profane Sabbath-breaker!" said a stern voice; and on looking round Sir Guy beheld a figure in

urging his sluggish horse to a quicker pace, he struck into one of those popular ballads of the time, bearing the burden of "*The cavalier king, hey down derry!*" In this pleasant mood he rode on for some time until he reached a long, low, whitewashed building, which proved to be one of the numerous meeting-houses erected by the Puritans all over the kingdom; and, as it was Sunday, a conventicle was being held at the very time Sir Guy passed, whilst a long, monotonous, yet—owing to the distance—not inharmonious, swell of voices, announced that they were singing psalms.

In consequence of the strict observance which the Puritans, when in power, had exacted of every holy day, the sudden loose afforded by a restoration of monarchy was for some time afterwards productive of the opposite extreme, and, till the affair was seriously looked into by the clergy, a degree of licentiousness and disregard of religious ceremonies prevailed, that threatened speedily to undermine and abolish all pious duties. It will not, therefore, excite surprize that the ancient cavalier, in his love for sport, allied to an inkling for revenging former grievances, felt inclined to ridicule the quondam men of might, and accordingly, in a lusty voice, he commenced singing a favourite canticle immediately beneath the window of the place of worship, beginning thus:

plague to 'em!" and elated by success he raised himself in his stirrups, and burst into another of his popular ditties—

sad-coloured vestments issue from the house of prayer. This was a noted preacher of his time, named Daniel

Stand-fast-in-faith, and as all symptoms of power had not as yet faded from his sect, the Puritans still forming a numerous and somewhat formidable portion of the country, he did not hesitate in thus boldly rebuking the testy knight, well knowing that King Charles had too many disorders of magnitude to rectify in his realms, to allow him to take cognizance of every petty squabble that might arise between the Cavaliers and Roundheads.

“Hey for Cavaliers!
Ho for Cavaliers!” &c.

But the Puritan moved not, nay, he even planted himself more centrically in the way, and said, “Man of Baal, I will not stir; thou hast openly set at nought the Lord’s ordinance to keep holy the Sabbath-day, and, as a true servant, I will reprove thee for it.”

“Round-headed cur!” shouted Penruddock, “dost ken who I am?”

“Nor know I, nor care I; thou darest not call thyself a son of Solomon the wise; nor of David the good; nor of Joshua—”

“I am the son of *none*,” cried the knight, laughing loudly at his fancied wit. “Nay, never purse thy brows, man, it is Sir Guy Penruddock you look upon.”

“Sir Guy Penruddock! Oh, Sir Guy Penruddock! The Lord deliver me from Sir Guy Penruddock!” cried the Puritan, quoting a portion of Oliver Cromwell’s famous exclamation to Sir Harry Vane in the House of Commons.

“Pestilence catch thee! Another such word, and—”

“Another, and another such!” interrupted Stand-fast-in-faith, with a dark smile of energy gleaming on his sallow features. “We are not so depressed but that we shall rise again like giants refreshed with wine; and as the Lord liveth, Amalekite, I will gird up my loins to smite thee hip and thigh as David did the Philistines of old!”

On his saying this, a person in the crowd, which had by now assembled from the meeting-house, glided away, and in a few minutes returned with eight men, well mounted, and a riderless horse for the preacher. During his absence the knight maintained a

Sir Guy, however, wanted no kingly interference; his whinyard had before now been tried, and it was ready to leap from its scabbard upon every occasion: he, therefore, exclaimed, in a choleric tone, “Out upon thee, croppared villain! Gad’s blood! wilt beard me on the king’s highway? Apart, thou whining cur! or, by the martyr, I’ll ride you down where you stand!” and again he commenced singing—

half-jestful, half-serious altercation with the Puritan; but seeing that matters were likely to come to a serious termination, he retired a few paces, and said, “Why, this is quite mirth-moving! In sober sadness, dost see my retinue accoutred in buff and bandaliers? Wilt be mad enough to tempt us further?”

The Puritan made no answer, but, with a fixed intensity of purpose flashing from his eye, he slowly mounted his steed, and as slowly drawing his long tuck, or stabbing sword, he examined its edge and point; then suddenly raising the arm which held it, he waved it in the glancing sunbeams, and exclaiming, “Thy blood be upon thine own head!” spurred onwards his horse, followed by his devoted band of adherents.

“Out whinyards! at ’em brave hearts! pink ’em!” shouted Sir Guy, rushing forward with drawn weapon; but albeit his servants, not being so accustomed to bloodshed as their master, speculated upon the contingency of their opponents being joined by those who were now merely idle spectators, and turned their horses’ heads towards Towcester, leaving Sir Guy to defend himself as he might. The coachman, however, formed an exception to the panic-struck domestics, and remained in his seat, looking upon the affray as though it was simply the representation of one; but when he perceived Penruddock to be alone and surrounded with enemies, he at once drew a light sword from his belt, and, springing amongst them, laid about him right heartily, crying, all the while, in a loud, discordant voice,

"Hash them, slash them, all to pieces dash them!" (the well-known war-cry of the Cavaliers.)

But vain was the valour of two men against such fearful odds: they were speedily separated, and each had nearly six foes to contend with, when the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard along the road, and three young men, with that reckless daring which characterized the period, dashed into the midst of the *melee*. Even now it was two to one, but the cavaliers were tried swordsmen, and gave their adversaries sharp employment: wounds fell thick, and blows faster, until a bystander, perceiving his friends somewhat to slacken, aimed a loaded carbine at Aubert St. Leon, as the most formidable of their new opponents, (for he it was, with his companions, who had come so opportunely,) and discharged its contents in his shoulder. Aubert instantly fell forward, and his horse, taking fright, galloped into the forest, bearing his lifeless master on his back. This circumstance gave an additional impetus to the fury of the combatants, and particularly the cavaliers, who now fought for revenge and life combined; howbeit, they were on the point of being overmastered, when Sir Guy's coachman, who contended on foot, disengaged himself dexterously from the throng, and leaping into an arm of a roadside tree, yelled out, "Odds fish! here they come! Four, eight, twelve true men in full gallop! Now, rascally Roundheads, have at ye!" But the rascally Roundheads took to their heels on hearing of these succours, and left the field to their victors. "Ha! ha! ha!" vociferated the driver, when they were out of sight, "who'd ha' dreamed of their not smelling the device?"

"Device! Heart o' grace! was there then no reinforcement at hand?" asked Sir Guy, wiping his forehead.

"Yes, a reinforcement of a dozen sheep," returned the man, with a peculiar chuckle; then relapsing into his former silent gravity, he slightly bowed, and remounted his coach-box; whilst Penruddock turned to his deliverers, and eagerly thanked them for their interference.

"Tush! good Sir Guy," said Mas-

singer, "we did no more than we should expect thou wouldst, were we in like jeopardy."

"Hark in your ear, gallants," replied the knight; "those canting ruffians would ha' done me to death, with a wanion to 'em! had it not been for your timely arrival: indeed, I am hugely astonished that we were not all massacred; but as I have received no other mischief than a few scratches, I deem myself beholden to ye for life, and demand to know in what way I can best discharge my debt?"

"There is but one way of payment," cried both cavaliers at once.

"Name it—name it, and, by all that's sacred! it is yours."

"The Lady Katrine Penruddock's hand."

"The dickens it be!" cried the knight, with surprise, (the demandants, whom he knew by sight, not being among the list of his daughter's avowed suitors). "Go to! Does not a certain *dowry*, which I wot of, prompt that demand?"

"By my life, no," hastily replied Vernon. "It is the possession of herself I covet. Her eminent charms, her beauteous form, and her voice—so soft, so sweet, so wild in its intonations, have enslaved my affections."

"And, alas! I am in as woeful a plight," said Wilfred; "and unless I can call her mine, I will embrace Popery and turn monk."

"Heaven forefend!" cried Sir Guy, in a dismal tone; "but how am I to act, gentlemen? My daughter would, I am sure, bestow her hand upon any noble cavalier to whom I owed my life, but I cannot perceive how she can accept two under such circumstances; I pr'ythee one of you withdraw your claim, and name some equivalent."

"That is but just," said Vernon; "therefore, friend Wilfred, as I was first to quit the forest at the sound of fighting, I, with all humility, arrogate a prior claim to choose my guerdon."

"I cry ye mercy, Frank!" returned Massinger, "here is a sword which was aimed at Sir Guy's throat, and would have forced an entrance had I not wrested it from its master's hand; I, in consequence, maintain the right to be mine."

"But I will not concede it," remarked Francis, with an air of cool determination.

"Nor will I," said Wilfred, with equal phlegm.

"Truly, brave sirs, this is a perplexing matter. Can nought be done to decide the case in question?"

"I will fight him an' you will," replied Wilfred, carelessly, and glancing at his sword.

"That challenge shall not serve thy turn, Massinger: thou knowest I am no match with thee at sword play; but, an' thou wilt, I will game with thee, if Katrine be the stake," returned the wily Vernon, with a ready confidence in his own skill.

"My daughter shall neither be fought nor played for, sirs," rejoined Penruddock, haughtily; "but, if it so please ye—and as my oath is passed—the greater wit of the two shall gain the maiden."

"Wit! a weapon I love!" cried the volatile Massinger; "but how is the question to be solved of which bears the palm in that accomplishment?"

"Thus: each set forth towards Penruddock Castle, with all the speed you may; and he who first reaches my daughter's presence shall have a brace of days to woo the maid without interruption, and at the end of that time, if she be willing, call her wife."

"How now, Sir Guy," exclaimed Vernon, "will not this be more like a match between our horses than a trial of wit?"

"Fair and softly! Ye have full freedom to retard each other's progress by plot or counterplot; and he who proves most fertile in such devices establishes himself the greater wit—the wittiest wins, and *the winner wears*. Provided always that Kate gives her consent."

"Agreed!" cried the young sparks, simultaneously.

But Sir Guy, motioning them to silence, thus continued; "Twill be necessary, I trow, to furnish ye both with a token to present to Kate when you reach her, should I chance to be absent, and, as I have my tablets about me, a few words in writing shall suffice. Here, Jocelyn!" he added, ad-

ressing his coachman, "canst write, man?"

"I rede me I can," replied the fellow; but whether or not a quip was intended, his fixed, strongly-marked features did not betray. He took the tablets, and wrote down the following words from Sir Guy's dictation:—

"My daughter Kate—The bearer hereof saved thy father's life at the risk of his own, and, in return, asked the boon of thy hand: let thine affection for me dictate thy conduct."

Having signed this, Sir Guy bade Jocelyn transcribe it, and then presented a copy to each of the aspirants. "And now," said he, "let us to my coach, and dis-inter a flask of Canary from my travelling case, that we may take a cup at parting."

This was right heartily complied with; and it was subsequently stipulated that our heroes were not to start upon their matrimonial chase until an hour after Sir Guy Penruddock's departure; in sooth, they would be unable to proceed beyond Towcester that day, having already ridden thirty miles; and as the knight's horses were fresh he calculated on gaining a day's march upon them by reaching Thrapston, nearly five leagues onwards, before sunset, so that he would be at home in ample time to apprise the fair Katrine of his whimsical contract. It is of course to be understood that, before Sir Guy gave any final promise, he ascertained the condition and connections of his deliverers, that he might not have to blush in acknowledging either as a son-in-law; and having at length brought matters to a conclusion, he entered his elephantine coach, and was speedily whirled out of sight.

"Foregad! 'tis a pleasant adventure. I marvel which will be the gainer by it?" said Frank Vernon.

"I share in your wonderment; but, by the blind goddess! had I not this morning, in merry mood, changed my empty pouch for Aubert's full one, (rest his soul!) we should ha' been sadly put to it for cash."

"We should, indeed," returned Vernon; "and right glad am I that we shared its contents at the time,

else now I might have whistled for my portion."

"Aptly surmised," retorted Massinger; "but how say you—shall we seek for poor St. Leon's body ere we start?"

"As you please. Search for him, find him, dig a grave, and bury him—'twere a right worthy action."

The ironical look and manner that accompanied these words, plainly bespoke the speaker's intention of making other use of his time should Massinger adopt his advice; but Wilfred saw through his motives, and coolly remarked, that it would be time enough when the business in hand was settled, as there was little fear of the body walking away.

When the stipulated hour had elapsed, our heroes remounted their already jaded steeds, and after half an hour's hard riding found themselves at the door of a hostelry—forming the corner house of the Roman Watling Street, which passes through the bustling, thriving town of Towcester. Here they again dismounted and entered the inn together, where the first object that met their view was Jocelyn Jewsbury, (Sir Guy Penrudrock's coachman,) seated in a huge arm-chair, by a snug fire, and with a flask of wine before him. The surprised cavaliers eagerly inquired after his master, and were informed by him that Sir Guy, fearing some of their stratagems might be of an unfair nature, had commanded him to remain behind and attend them from thence to Leicester, to see that the race was properly won. This intelligence was equally pleasing to both the young men, as each conceived the idea of making the fellow subservient to his interest; and, from his shrewd penetrating looks and quaint manners, much assistance might be expected from him. In accordance with this resolve Vernon drew him aside, and slipping a purse of gold into his hand, intimated that he wished to be awakened an hour before daybreak, without Massinger's knowledge. Jocelyn, after eyeing the money, gave a significant nod, and resumed his seat, while Frank quitted the room to give orders

for supper. In his absence *Wilfred* acted the same scene over again, and with similar success, so that Jewsbury bid fair to reap a golden harvest from their trial of wit.

Morning dawned, and with it were unclosed the rivals' eyes. Mutually astonished and vexed at meeting each other, on descending to the refreshment room, they turned to Jocelyn for an explanation of his breach of promise.

"In good sooth, noble sirs," he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes, "there is no breach of promise in the case; for finding that day had broken a full hour when I woke, I turned to sleep again, resolving to keep my word tomorrow instead—Nature having hindered me from doing so to-day."

The dry simple tone in which this was uttered, plainly told the disappointed cavaliers that it would be useless to bandy words upon the subject; they therefore contented themselves with invoking—not a benediction—upon Jewsbury's head, and then hastily dispatching their morning's meal, started along the high road to a wife, closely followed by their new attendant mounted upon a brown mare.

It boots not, courteous reader, to pursue our heroes through all the trivial adventures of the day, nor skills it that thou shouldst be informed how Vernon strove to lame his rival's horse; how Wilfred, in return, unshod Frank's gelding, whilst he was indulging in a cup of canary; nor of the thousand and a half other merry tricks they put upon each other—whilst Jocelyn alternately assisted both; but pass we on to the inn at Thrapston, where, nose to nose, the three arrived at a pace which had set all the honest folk staring whom they had passed on the road.

"Foregad!" cried Massinger, throwing himself, exhausted, into a seat, "I must draw upon my brains for better expedients than they have yielded to-day, else my bonny barb will be knocked up before I reach Peterborough;" and, leaning back his head, he summoned his inventive powers to his aid—and they obeyed the hest—and thick-coming fancies

flitted around him—and lo! they became modelled into a perfect plot, which he imparted to Jocelyn—and at the same time he imparted the weight of a gold coin to the Jehu's palm, who, in turn, imparted a broad grin, and an acquiescent nod—and then they parted for the night.

In the meantime Vernon had not been idle; being of a more muscular make than Massinger, he was enabled to endure more bodily exercise, and he reflected that if he could change his horse, for one even of an inferior quality, he would be able, by Jocelyn's guidance, to pursue his journey the greater part of the night. His chief difficulty rested in giving Wilfred the slip; and as he pondered on the means he suddenly conceived the idea of denouncing him as a robber, who had recently killed a noble cavalier in Whittlebury Forest, well knowing that his own and Sir Guy Penruddock's testimony would be sufficient to remove the imputation when his ends were accomplished. Fired with the thought, he once more bribed Jewsbury to embrace his cause, and that Janus-like personage accepted both the bribe and the proposal.

The worthy host, and no less worthy hostess, grew pale as a sliced turnip at the tale which Vernon told them concerning Massinger, (save and except the former's proboscis, which at all times tenaciously retained its "natural ruby,") and a long conference was forthwith held as to the best mode of procedure. They at length determined that Wilfred should be closely confined until an officer, with the landlord as a witness, returned from searching for the murdered man. Meanwhile Vernon, who pretended to have lured Wilfred hither by various devices, proffered to proceed to Peterborough, where, he said, some friends of the deceased resided. In hopes of acquiring some benefit by any part he might take in this affair, the landlord readily made an offer of two fresh horses for Vernon and his servant, and prepared, with all speed, to rouse the officer of justice, and to start with him at once to Whittlebury.

The simple host had not departed an hour ere his deceiver, having first
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ascertained that the door had been suddenly and securely fastened upon Massinger, mounted a good, stout roadster, and, attended by Jocelyn with a lantern, joyfully took the road in spite of the fatigue he had already undergone.

Merrily, merrily went they on, until the bright orb of light once more clad the earth in a garment of gold, and, with its first ray, a thick forest was seen to bound the landscape at a distance of about twelve miles, while a large town, with a familiar aspect, reared its walls in the adjacent meadow. Vernon, at this appearance, stopped his panting horse, for the first time since leaving the "Golden Fleece" at Thrapston, and, with a confused presentiment of some unlucky adventure, exclaimed, in tones of thunder, "P'the fiend's name, where are we?"

Jocelyn reined in his steed with the most perfect equanimity, and drily replied, "Hard by the meadows where Hal the Sixth was beaten and captured by the Yorkists in the year 1460. That is the ancient borough of Northampton—there flows the river Nen—beyond yon coppice is Queen's Cross, which Edward the First erected in memory of Queen Nell—further on is Towcester—and, in the distance, you behold the forest of Whittlebury."

"How!" shouted Vernon, raising himself in his stirrups. "Why, thou infant of Beelzebub, what business have we at the forest of Whittlebury? Ha!"

"Bury thy whittle in my heart, an' I show thee not ample cause," returned Jocelyn, without moving a muscle. He then related that Massinger had fee'd him thus purposely to guide him on a retrograde road. "You, sir," he added, "did not expressly say whither you wished to go, therefore—by joining in your plan, and obeying your friend—I have done my duty faithfully towards both parties."

There was no controverting this. Vernon clearly saw the inutility of expending any more cash upon Jocelyn, and he once more set his wits to work for means to extricate himself from his dilemma; to increase which, he now saw the fat landlord, and bony officer, slowly proceeding from a road-

side inn, where they had been taking an hour's repose.

"Gad a'mercy, cavalier! how find we thee here?" cried the aforesaid fat landlord, on recognizing Francis.

The foiled gallant, considering that a perseverance in his former story would only expose him to detection, boldly affirmed the truth—with the slight perversion of saying that it was a mirthful fraud put upon him by his humble friend, Jocelyn, and that the reason of his appearance there was solely to prevent their having any further trouble in the affair.

The pair grumbled deeply at this avowal, and felt inclined to retaliate by taking Vernon into custody for misleading a king's officer; to avoid so dangerous a detention he was fain to divide nearly all that remained in his purse betwixt them, but what was his horror on finding that, despite this liberality, he would be forced to remain with them at Northampton until the following morning, their horses being too tired to proceed a step further; "and as for travelling through another night, I'd as lief cross the Alps on an unsaddled horse!" said he of the Golden Fleece. From this fiat

there was no appeal, and Vernon was remorselessly plunged into the purgatory of inaction. His only consolation was, that Massinger would remain in durance vile until his return—so that he would be no ultimate loser by Jocelyn's knavery. This important personage betrayed no signs of remorse for his conduct, but, on the contrary, appeared heartily to enjoy the joke; his natural spirits seemed, for a time, to burst through the solid bands which had hitherto bound every muscle of his swarthy countenance, and, at the inn where our party put up, he chatted gaily with the landlord, kissed his daughter, quaffed large bumpers of wine, and sang a whole batch of loyal songs, until Vernon, feeling his dignity offended by such freedom in a menial, sharply reproved him for it.

"Tilly vally, man!" exclaimed the knave, shaking aside the dark locks which hung in jaunty curls upon his forehead and shoulders. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? Odds fish! another such word and I will get so royally drunk as to exert a right liege authority over thee—

For oh! King Charles not a word he spoke
When perched like an owl in the royal oak."

In this way the day and great part of the evening passed, and the next morning found the party again on the road to Thrapston. The meeting between our two heroes was one of mingled complaint, recrimination, and laughter. Two days had been wasted by the roguery of Jocelyn and their own cross purposes; however, as both were alike to blame, it was agreed that neither should make any further use of Jewsbury, and that, on the morn following, they should again depart together. This they did, and, without making any stay at Peterborough, whither their course was originally bent, made all speed to reach Uppingham, and by the time twilight came on they arrived at the basement of the eminence on which it is seated.

They had now completed their hardest day's work by riding the

fatiguing distance of forty-two miles, and only twenty-three remained to be accomplished. Being now so near the goal, the race became doubly interesting, and the fact more than ever established, that wit alone could win it, as the horses had hitherto proved themselves possessed of equal mettle. As Vernon turned these things over after retiring to rest, it occurred to him that Massinger, as well as himself, must have nearly expended all his stock of money, and be unable to raise a fresh supply. "This will do," thought he; "I will turn his steed adrift ere sun dawn, and, whilst he wastes his time in fruitless inquiries, proceed alone to Leicester." But, alas for Vernon! Wilfred was beforehand with him, and had heaped such a quantity of green clover near the nose of Frank's horse, that the animal eat until it could scarcely stir.* Again,

* It is said that a horse will eat of clover until he bursts.

therefore, were they upon a level, (as Francis forgot not to execute his own purpose,) and Vernon's only alternative was now to walk the remainder of the journey; but, fortunately, at this crisis there drove up a splendid carriage which was to proceed that day to Leicester, it having been constructed for a wealthy resident of that place. To bribe the driver with all his remaining cash was the work of an instant with Vernon; and throwing himself into the vehicle he waited patiently whilst *coachee* partook of some refreshment, which important act over, smack went the whip, and away galloped the horses.

Behold our adventurer at Billesdon. Nearly fifteen miles of the twenty-three were now accomplished, and he plumed himself upon the fortunate *ruse* by which he had gained the advantage. The weather being warm he stopped at a rivulet a little beyond the town to refresh himself with a cooling draught, when chancing to turn towards the coachman, he, for the first time, discovered him to be—Wilfred Massinger!

"Tormentor!" was all he could exclaim before Wilfred burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Why, friend," he cried, "didst think me a dolt, that thou ensconced thy carcase so securely whilst the driver was yet within the hostelry?"

"But how?—I surely saw him mount the coach-box," said the perplexed Vernon.

"Thou sawest *me* do so in his attire! to prove it, cast a backward glance, and thou wilt see him cheek by jowl with Jocelyn, who has kept us in sight all the way."

Frank uttered one deep groan, and said, "Then, after all, speed must decide our fate."

"It must," observed Massinger; "suppose, therefore, we unharness the horses from the coach, and let whip and spur do their best."

No sooner said than done—our heroes mounted, and once more the race commenced.

With wind-like speed flew they on, over hedge, ditch, and stile. They passed the river Soar, o'er which old Leicester *soars*—they crossed the

meadow where stands the abbey in which died Cardinal Wolsey—they entered the town—they passed its far-famed castle, now in ruins—they passed the house in which was held the parliament that first made a law for burning heretics in Henry the Fifth's reign—and, lastly, they reached together Sir Guy Penruddock's towers. Leaping simultaneously from their horses they sounded the gateway bell, and the door was opened immediately. With one voice they inquired for the Lady Katrine, and were informed that she had gone with her father to a neighbouring chapel.

"There will we go, too!" cried they, darting off with the same action.

Now was Wilfred first—then gained Vernon the advantage—and, in the end, they reached the place together. Up the steps they bounded—into the church they flew, and there beheld a glittering throng of dames and cavaliers, with looks bent towards the altar, before which stood, as if awaiting the priest's benediction, the lovely—the smiling—the coveted Lady Katrine Penruddock, hand in hand with *Aubert St. Leon*!

"Ha! what means this interruption?" asked Sir Guy, on the cavaliers' entrance.

But astonishment at beholding one whom they deemed food for worms, prevented them from replying; whilst Aubert, gravely advancing with Katrine's hand still in his, said, "You see, fair cousin, I have won the prize."

But ere we proceed a syllable, or *foot*, further, it may be necessary to explain how all this occurred—we will do so.

St. Leon's wound, which, it may be recollected, he received in the affray with the Puritans, proved to be a mere trifle, and, as he soon recovered from the sickening sensation which it occasioned, he thought of returning to the field of battle, when the voice of his cousin met his ear, and, from the import of his words, Aubert was induced to pause. The whole of Massinger's deceit, together with the circumstance of changing purses, and the unfeeling manner in which he declined searching for the supposed corpse of St. Leon, thus became un-

folded; and, stung by his conduct, Aubert resolved to pay it in kind, and instantly followed Sir Guy Penruddock to Towcester, where, after bribing Jocelyn with his horse, he assumed a postillion's disguise, and obtaining from the ex-coachman a copy of Sir Guy's epistle to his daughter, he mounted the box in high glee, whilst Jewsbury remained to retard Vernon and Massinger's journey as much as possible.

Thus Sir Guy and Aubert arrived together at Penruddock Castle. The good knight was not remarkable for his discerning powers, and made no question but that St. Leon, when he presented himself the same evening, was one of the two cavaliers he had conversed with, and accordingly introduced him instantler to Katrine.

How the gentleman sped so bravely and so speedily in his wooing, as circumstances betokened he had, would have remained to this day an inscrutable secret, were it not hinted in the chronicles from whence we extract our legend, that the pair had before been introduced to each other by Katrine's foster-brother, who highly esteemed Aubert; and that to meet him of her heart was the sole inducement of our heroine's frequent visits to a certain arbour erst mentioned. Here he first told his tale of love, and, although he well knew that his poverty formed an insurmountable barrier, yet could he not disenchant himself from the spell which Katrine had cast upon him, and scarce a day elapsed without his travelling from Peterborough for an hour's interview with her.

"But I forbid the ceremony to proceed," cried Massinger, when Aubert had explained the stratagem by which he won the race; "you were not in-

cluded in the agreement, therefore Sir Guy's contract with you is invalid."

"Let the marriage rites proceed—I say it is valid!" exclaimed Jocelyn Jewsbury, entering the chapel.

Scarce had he crossed the threshold, and scarce had his well-known voice subsided into silence, ere each person present sunk respectfully upon his knee, whilst the intruder threw off his slouched cap, opened his doublet, and displayed a diamond star glittering on his breast, which at once bespoke the wearer to be—Charles the Second, England's merry and eccentric monarch!

"Nay, Rochester," said he, patting one of the nobles present on the shoulder, "look not so rueful. But our friends here seem lost in wonder; rise and explain our wager to them."

The Earl of Rochester rose and briefly related that his majesty, on being told, by flatterers, of his great popularity, had wagered a magnum of claret with a service of gold drinking cups, that he would journey, disguised, from Oxford to Leicester, without being recognized by a single one of his subjects, who it was pretended loved and knew him so well.

"Thus," added Charles, "I have not only won the stake, but foiled unworthiness to assist worth, which it now remains for me to reward. Kneel, St. Leon."

The cavalier knelt, and his king bestowed upon him the honour of knight-hood: he next imprinted a kiss upon the fair Katrine's cheek, and placed her hand in that of Sir Aubert St. Leon's. Lastly, Charles turned, with a smile, to the disappointed competitors, and said, "Now, sirs, the wittiest has won, and—THE WINNER WEARS."

ELLEN'S GRAVE.

BENEATH the shade of yonder yew,
Where none but holy steps should tread,
Known only to a passing few,
Is beauteous Ellen's lowly bed.
No friendly hand hath learnt to raise
On Ellen's grave the burial-stone,
To tell the shortness of her days,
The virtues of that lovely one—

No tablet o'er the mournful spot
 Proclaims where faded beauty lies—
 That tender tribute is forgot
 'Mid burning tears and aching sighs.
 But daisies, o'er the green turf spread,
 Deck beauteous Ellen's lowly bed ;
 And yon lone robin, on the naked spray,
 Her requiem chaunts in most melodious lay.
 Yes, envied soul ! thou'rt now as free
 From bitter pang of earthly care,
 As if the hand of pageantry
 Had sepulchred thine ashes there.
 Thy woes are past—thou liv'st where nought
 Was ever known in shape of pain,
 Forgive the wish, (too daring thought,)
 That ere would call thee here again—
 Oh ! be the impious heart forgiven
 That fain would welcome thee from Heaven !
 When all is silent as the tomb
 In which thy mould'ring beauties fade,
 Then, wrapp'd in Night's unbroken gloom,
 I'll seek the lonely yew-tree's shade—
 While Sleep its thousands doth enslave,
 I'll wake and weep o'er ELLEN'S GRAVE.

T. W. W. S.

THE SEA-BOY IN BATTLE.

" Oh, father ! couldst thou see me now,
 How would the life-blood flush thy brow !
 Thy son—thy boy—is in the throng
 Of Britons, who for England's wrong,
 And England's cause, their good swords bare,
 To play the fearful game of war !

" Oh, mother ! chase all idle fears—
 Let ardour's *warmth* dry up thy tears—
 Its *strength* repress thy rising sigh—
 Its *fires* add brilliance to thine eye—
 For I but wield the glitt'ring steel
 To guard *thy* hearth, and England's weal !"

Thus—thus, with the shot of the enemy pouring,
 Like hailstones of fire, the ship's crew among,
 Our SEA-BOY troll'd forth ; and he laugh'd at the roaring
 Of waters, which dash'd at his feet as he sung !
 The word had gone forth—" Be ready, lads, ready !
 Take out your tompions ! the sails quickly furl !
 Stand by your guns ! be firm, and be steady !
 And vengeance on Albion's old enemies hurl !"

'Twas Jervis who said, whilst the fleet of the Spaniard
 Approach'd from St. Vincent in hostile array ;
 Each ship seem'd alive from topmast to lanniard
 With men bent on making our squadron their prey.
 But how shrunk the Don from his eagle-like station,
 As in thund'rings our well-loaded cannonry spoke !
 Its roarings proclaimed the wrongs of a nation
 In a voice, hoarsely heard, through flame, and through smoke.

Fast flew the bullets across the green water,
 And hardly the foemen for victory strove,
 But in vain—for each ball carried wide-spreading slaughter,
 And the decks seem'd to blush at the carnage above.
 Sad, sad was the sight—to behold the blood gushing
 In cataracts down, from the ship to the wave,
 Whilst the wind (as in gusts it kept fitfully rushing),
 Seem'd a requiem that sigh'd o'er the death of the brave.

Now hot wax'd the fight! Now louder the cannon
 Bellow'd to echo, to herald the strife
 To the confines of ocean, until not a man on
 The masts of the foe remain'd with his life!
 The ships were dismantled, the rigging was broken,
 Our standard was rais'd o'er the ensign of Spain,
 And the shrouds, as they fell, their defeat seem'd to token,
 By shrouding from view the remains of the slain.

Thus gloriously—fearfully—mournfully—shatter'd
 Our sailors the hopes of a nation's proud fleet,
 And thus saw our SEA-BOY the hostile ships scatter'd—
 Like carcase-strew'd ruins at Victory's feet!
 His sword was now flesh'd—his courage was proven—
 One mariner more to his country was gain'd—
 One mariner more to old England was given,
 Whose hands were with blood from her enemies stain'd.

E. L.—R.

ALBUM.

STANZAS ON THE NEW YEAR.

By Miss Landon.

I stood between the meeting Years,
 The coming and the past,
 And I ask'd of the future one,
 Wilt thou be like the last?
 The same in many a sleepless night,
 In many an anxious day?
 Thank Heaven! I have no prophet's eye
 To look upon thy way!
 For Sorrow like a phantom sits
 Upon the last Year's close.
 How much of grief, how much of ill,
 In its dark breast repose!
 Shadows of faded Hopes flit by,
 And ghosts of Pleasures fled:
 How have they chang'd from what they
 were!
 Cold, colourless, and dead.
 I think on many a wasted hour,
 And sicken o'er the void;
 And many darker are behind,
 On worse than nought employ'd.
 Oh Vanity! alas, my heart!
 How widely hast thou stray'd,
 And misus'd every golden gift
 For better purpose made!

I think on many a once-lov'd friend
 As nothing to me now;
 And what can mark the lapse of time
 As does an alter'd brow?
 Perhaps 'twas but a careless word
 That sever'd Friendship's chain;
 And angry Pride stands by each gap,
 Lest they unite again.
 Less sad, albeit more terrible,
 To think upon the dead,
 Who quiet in the lonely grave
 Lay down their weary head.
 For faith, and hope, and peace, and trust,
 Are with their happier lot:
 Though broken is their bond of love,
 At least *we* broke it not.
 Thus thinking of the meeting Years,
 The coming and the past,
 I needs must ask the future one:
 Wilt thou be like the last?
 There came a sound, but not of speech,
 That to my thought replied,
 "Misery is the marriage-gift
 That waits a mortal bride;
 But lift thine hopes from this base earth,
 This waste of worldly care,
 And wed thy faith to yon bright sky,
 For Happiness dwells there!"

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

By Miss Jewsbury.

My mother! look not on me now
 With that sad earnest eye;
 Blame me not, mother, blame not thou
 My heart's last wish—to die!
 I cannot wrestle with the strife
 I once had heart to bear;
 And if I yield a youthful life,
 Full hath it been of care.

Nay, weep not!—on my brow is set
 The age of grief—not years;
 Its furrows thou mayst wildly wet,
 But ne'er wash out with tears.
 And couldst thou see my weary heart,
 Too weary e'en to sigh,
 Oh, mother, mother! thou wouldst start,
 And say, " 'Twere best to die!"

I know 'tis summer on the earth—
 I hear a pleasant tune
 Of waters in their chiming mirth—
 I feel the breath of June;
 The roses through my lattice look,
 The bee goes singing by,
 The peasant takes his harvest-hook—
 Yet, mother, let me die!

There's nothing in this time of flowers,
 That hath a voice for me—
 The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
 The bright, the glad, the free!
 There's nothing but thy own deep love,
 And that will live on high;
 Then, mother! when my heart's above,
 Kind mother, let me die!

MELANCHOLY.

By Samuel Rogers, Esq.

Go! you may call it madness, folly,
 You shall not chase my gloom away;
 There's such a charm in melancholy,
 I would not if I could be gay.

If you knew the pensive pleasure
 Which fills my bosom when I sigh,
 You would not rob me of a treasure
 Monarchs are too poor to buy.

THE LAST LOOK.

By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Ay! take thy last fond look, unhappy girl,
 On that bright image, and the glossy curl
 Which oft with quivering smile and mur-
 mur'd tone
 Those full and fervent lips have press'd
 alone.
 Take thy last look!—that stealing glance
 no more
 Shall read in his the truth of all he swore;
 No more, as slow their timid lashes rise,
 The earnest fondness of thy trusting eyes

Shall bless his happy heart, whose own
 express
 Mixed thoughts—half triumph and half
 tenderness!
 —One lingering gaze she gives that pic-
 tur'd form,
 Which mutely smiles—unconscious of the
 storm
 That, bursting forth, like lightning from
 above,
 Hath scatter'd havoc through their world
 of love.
 One lingering gaze—but, in that last long
 look,
 All that affection ever gave or took,
 Each word—each tone—each breath of his,
 returns,
 And on her cheek in mantling blushes
 burns.
 She hath forgotten they are near her,
 now—
 And round her lip, and on her quiet brow,
 A slow faint smile is breaking, like the
 light,
 When misty morning struggles out of night.
 They speak her name—she starts—the
 dream is past;
 She feels—she knows—that look must be
 the last.
 Shuddering she hears again the stern com-
 mand,
 And the lov'd portrait leaves her anxious
 hand:
 Each line his fondness trac'd, each trea-
 sur'd token,
 She gives up all—and now—her heart is
 broken!

There is a nameless change come o'er
 that face—
 A fading off of beauty and of grace,
 A harshness, which those mournful eyes
 belie,
 The peevishness of utter misery.
 Like a sad spirit on some haunted ground,
 She glides with melancholy step around.
 Fain would she, with her usual tasks, em-
 ploy
 The hours devoted to a dreamy joy:
 Fain would she, while apart and sad she
 stands,
 Ply the quick needle with those listless
 hands:
 But with that needle's point she only traces
 A name, which soon the falling tear
 effaces;
 And clasping those thin hands, she turns
 to gaze
 Through the bright lattice on the sunset
 rays;
 Recalls each whisper'd tone—each dear
 caress—
 And dreams his form is by her side, to bless.

—Then, when around the winter hearth
 they crowd,
 With rapid step, and laughter light and
 loud;
 While the red flames that high and crack-
 ling rise
 Light up the mirth within their eager
 eyes;
 Silent *she* sits—a little space apart—
 Brooding o'er thoughts deep treasur'd in
 her heart.
 Round *her* are flowers, and sunshine, and
 green trees—
 The song of birds—the murmuring of
 bees—
 The heavy waving corn in golden gleams—
 The broad smooth meadows—and the
 quivering streams.
 There, hearing words of worship murmur'd
 low,
 Happy she wanders—while upon her brow
 The breeze that fans but cools not, vainly
 strays
 Through the dim leaves with mocking
 freshness plays,
 Shrinks back and dies upon her burning
 cheek,
 And shuns the spot her feverish footsteps
 seek.
 Some playful touch the fond enchantment
 breaks,
 And, with a pang of bitterness, she wakes!
 Then as the peals of laughter louder ring,
 And those young tones in broken snatches
 sing,
 She shrinks, and vainly struggles not to
 weep;
 Feels that she fails; and while the slow
 tears creep
 From eyes to which that outward world
 grows dim,
 Hides her pale face—and sobs aloud for
 him!
 —Hush'd by the passionate eloquence of
 woe,
 A moment those young voices whisper low;
 Then the sly question—the provoking
 hint—
 The bursting of triumphant merriment—
 From lips, whence carelessly each light
 word springs,
 And hearts, where Love sleeps calm with
 folded wings.
 These torture her—and with a languid
 smile
 She meekly bears their jesting for a while;
 Then, choking all the thoughts within her
 breast,
 Slow glides away to her unquiet rest.

It could not last. Bitterly for a while
 A yearning for his voice—his hand—his
 smile

(Soon still'd because she knows it *is* in
 vain)

Rose in her heart and died away again:
 Bitterly when the evening hour grew dim
 She clasped her wasted hands and thought
 of him:

And now—she is at rest—the simple tomb
 Tells but the fix'd—the known—the com-
 mon doom—

That fond of earth, but yet too frail to stay,
 Breath, soul, and life, have left the sense-
 less clay.

This to the crowd: but oh! to me—to
me!—

How much that name can wring from
 memory!

How many transient hopes, and buried
 fears,

Rise with that word—and flash through
 vanish'd years!

Let those who once forsook thee, now for-
 get:

There's *one* remembers—*one* deplores thee
 yet—

One who will shrink when strangers
 breathe thy name;

And still defend, when all conspire to
 blame:

One to whose heart, till death love's power
 shall quell,

That form must be a dream—that name a
 spell—

One who, though years have past, can
 never brook

To image to himself thy *one last look!*

MEMORY'S WREATH.

By John S. Clark, Esq.

(Addressed to a Sister.)

“Do you remember them?”

Remember them! yes, I remember them
 well,

They were days of enchantment that
 ne'er can return,

And deep in my heart do I treasure the
 spell,

And oft drop a tear on their funeral urn.

Oh! were they not sweet! and do you too
 remember

The beautiful garden we treasur'd so
 much?

'Twas summer-time then—but the blast of
 December

Soon came, and the roses all died at its
 touch.

And do you too remember the dear happy
 faces

That crowded the bench 'neath the apple-
 tree there?

'Tis true they are gone, but my memory
traces

Each feature and voice in that varied
parterre.

And do you too remember when fondly
conversing,

As children, we rov'd thro' the flow'r-
cover'd glen,

And oh! how delighted we were in re-
hearsing

The innocent hymns that enchanted us
then?

And do you too remember the infantine
pray'rs?

The bed at whose foot night and morning
we knelt?

Alas! could I buy with an ocean of tears
A spirit as pure as that moment I felt!

Those hours! they are fled! but the fond
recollection,

The bliss, that the thought of those days
can impart,

Can only expire with the pow'r of reflec-
tion,

Can moulder alone with the mould'ring
of heart!

—
How sacred! how beautiful is the feel-
ing of affection in pure and guileless
bosoms! The proud may sneer at it, the
fashionable may call it fable, the selfish
and dissipated may affect to despise it;
but the holy passion is surely of Heaven,
and is made evil by the corruption of
those whom it was sent to bless and to
preserve!

Notices of Books.

"STILL PLEASED TO PRAISE, YET NOT AFRAID TO BLAME."

ROMANCE AND REALITY. By L. E. L.
3 vols. London. 1831. Colburn and
Bentley.

SOME years have now elapsed since Miss Landon was first introduced to an admiring public. The beautiful strains of her impassioned harp raised her speedily above the motley herd of periodical contributors. Her's was no common-place concoction of insipid rhyme—no vulgar breathings of an enamoured Delia or a love-sick Phillis: she founded a school of poesy peculiarly her own, and although her disciples are many, she has yet met no rival on her flowery way. But amidst the enchantment of her syren harp, we could perceive that she was fitted for higher purposes, and we have often, while yet in the morning of her fame, foretold that the deep thought and vigorous perceptions which her verse displayed would not long be confined by the slavish trammels of metrical accuracy. In the volumes before us we perceive our anticipations not only realized, but infinitely exceeded. The work must not be classed among those ephemeral productions of the times which "to-day are, and to-morrow are cast into the oven," but will, we confidently predict, take their station, when the period of novelty is over, among the lasting productions of our highest novelists. This is, indeed, high praise; be it so—it is deserved, and we therefore fearlessly bestow it. The plot is, perhaps, the least important consideration in the work: we confess ourselves to be rather attracted to the "reality" than the "romance"—to the author's vivid powers of description,

JAN. 1832.

and to the ability with which she has sketched the actions and actors on this varied scene.

It is a matter to be seriously lamented, that even the lighter productions of the press, which are intended for amusement, and ought to promote gaiety and good humour, are too often pointed by the envenomed sting of heartless personality. In our periodical literature this defect is more distinctly visible; and publications *professedly devoted to the female sex* are not exempt from the charge. Magazines which should lead the taste and guard the morals of their readers, disgust by the coarseness of their assertions, or by the deep damnation of their inuendos. We can pity the wretch whom hunger leads to pillage, and whose life becomes forfeit to the calls of Nature—but the dastard meanness of that miscreant who first invents a lie, and then shrinks from the consequences behind the sure bulwark of his editorial *we*—Foh! the very thought is pollution!

How different is the conduct of our authoress. True it is that, with a master hand, she paints many a passing picture of social life—true it is that her clever sketches form a sort of camera obscura, in which we can immediately discover many an old acquaintance on the stage of being—but these are all drawn with such perfect good humour, and the characters depicted in such a charming style, that we could almost wish our own dissected by so fair, so kind, and so lively an anatomist. But we will no longer tantalize our readers, but proceed to an extract.

F

"Whether Donna Margaretta connected any vague idea with the stranger, or whether it was the mere instinct of weakness, it is impossible to tell, but from that day a strange terror of death fell upon her; she could not bear to be left for a moment—she would wake in the night and implore Beatrice piteously to save her. This impression was, however, as transitory as it was violent. As she grew weaker, she grew calmer and more affectionate. She would lean her head for hours on Beatrice's shoulder, only now and then applying to her some childish and endearing epithet. She was soon too much reduced to leave her bed; they used to raise her head with pillows, and Beatrice would sit beside, her arm round her neck; and her poor mother seemed, like a child, happy in being soothed and caressed. There is mercy in affliction; Donna Margaretta's memory could only have awakened to sorrow, and she died without a pang or a struggle, so quietly, that Beatrice, in whose embrace she lay, thought it was sleep. Wishing to wake her at her usual hour for refreshment, she kissed her—the chill of the lips made her shudder—she leant over them for a minute—the breath had passed away for ever.

"Donna Margaretta's death was a blessing, but Beatrice could not think so at the time; her few objects for affection had made that affection proportionably intense. She had lost the only being she could serve—the only one to whom her care and kindness were of value—and we all know how they endear the objects on which they are bestowed—the whole business of her life was gone.

"Perhaps the worst pang of death is the burial. One touch of human weakness mingled with the young Spaniard's sorrow. She was proud—very proud of her high and noble birth. A hundred chiefs of her blood slept in the chapel of San Francisco. But since the confiscation of her father's property, the house adjoining it in the town, besides being a day's journey distant, was turned into a military depôt. She had no choice—her mother's tomb must be the green grass of the village burying-place. With added sorrow she had her interred there by torch-light—herself sole mourner. It was a relief to be unwitnessed. The two peasants who had assisted returned to the village—old Pedro and the negro, one of whom still retained his torch, attended Beatrice home—she followed the light mechanically. The agony with which she had watched the body laid in the earth—that fearful shudder which follows the falling of the mould on the coffin—the pressing down of the grass sods, as if the dead were con-

scious of their weight and soil—all this had subsided into stupor. She felt that strange disbelief in its reality that always succeeds violent grief.

"Weak creatures that we are, for the body to overcome the mind as it does! Beatrice slept that night long and soundly—the bitterness of sorrow, affection, and anxiety, sank beneath fatigue. The awakening after such sleep is one of the most dreadful moments in life. A consciousness of something terrible is upon even the first sensation—a vague idea of the truth comes like the remembrance of a dream; involuntarily the eyes close, as if to shut it out—the head sinks back on the pillow, as if to see whether another dream would not be a happier one. A gleam of light, a waving curtain, rouses the sleeper; the truth, the whole terrible truth, flashes out—and we start up as if we never could dream again.

"In losing her mother, Beatrice lost her great employment—to provide her with small indulgences, and such amusements as she could enjoy, had been a sweet and constant study. The homely associations of life are its tenderest. No tears were more bitter than those Beatrice shed over the beautiful purple grapes which she had so carefully dried for her parent. One consolation she had—a little English Bible became the chief companion of her lonely hours.

"Don Henriquez had much of that indifference to religion too often termed liberality. The bigotted beliefs of his native creed were the last he ever thought of impressing. Their country-house stood entirely by itself, and the few priests who passed that way belonged to mendicant orders. Beatrice, with the generosity inherent in her nature, readily filled their scrips; and the friars were not very anxious about the principles of one whose actions were so truly Catholic. But it was impossible for a girl who lived in the solitude of nature, and who had been early tried by sorrow, not to be religious.

"There are some works of God which most especially seem the work of his hands, and some ills of humanity which seem most of all to ask aid from above. The mighty gathering of the storms on her native mountains—the thunder that shook the earth—and the lightning that in an hour laid bare the depths of the forest which had stood still and shadowy for years—the starry silence of the summer nights—the mystery of the large and bright planets, filled the young heart that was lifted up by their beauty with deep and solemn thoughts. Again, her desolate situation—the dangers beyond her ability to foresee or to avoid,

made her at once feel her nothingness and her need of protection. The holy page, read at first for its beauty, was soon resorted to for its power. Beatrice dwelt on the gentle promises made to the afflicted, and the words of encouragement spoken to the simple, till hope rose strong within her, and grew to be that clear and steady light 'which hideth not its face in the time of trouble.' Beatrice was a genuine Christian, if entire trust, deep humility, and earnest conviction, could make one. True, the Bible was almost the only religious book she had ever read, but she had indeed read it with all her heart."

The following is of a somewhat different style:—

"One evening Emily had been prevailed on to try the fresh air of the deck. Like most invalids whose disease is on the mind, she was indisposed to any thing of bodily exertion; but, though she might reject Beatrice's advice, she could not refuse her request; and she took the place which had been so carefully prepared for her. The air was soft and warm, and she soon suffered the cloak in which she was wrapped to fall about her; when suddenly a passenger, whose crimson pelisse had quite illuminated the deck she was pacing, approached with the exclamation, 'Well, now, Lord help this wicked world! the lies people do tell! and no manner of gain whatsoever. Only for to think, miss, of meeting you here! Why, they said you had been crossed in love, and had turned into a nun; and instead of that, here we all are, sailing away for Old England. But, bless your pretty face! you look mighty ill—I hope the crossing-in-love part of the story isn't true. I know it's very disagreeable to young people; but, deary me, you'll soon get over it—it's nothing when you're used to it. When I was a girl, I used to sing,

"I am in love with twenty;
I could adore as many more—
There's nothing like a plenty."

Lord love you! I never took on about any of them.'

"Now don't say so, Mrs. Higgs,' said a corpulent gentleman, thrusting in a face which looked equally wide and weak; 'you know you'd have broke your heart if we two hadn't been made one.'

"Broke my heart! no sich nonsense: there were as good pigs in the market as yours any day. Not that I'm noways grumbling at the bargain I've had of you; though you weren't my first love neither. So you see, miss, to lose a first chance aint much.'

"Beatrice did not comprehend the dialogue, but she saw Emily look as if ready to sink into the earth, and she beckoned her father to help her companion to the cabin—at the same time collecting her best English to explain that Miss Arundel was too ill for conversation. 'All affectation,' said Mr. Robert, who still resented her silence in the chapel.

"Two, however, of the passengers in the vessel were very agreeably employed—they were making love. By the by, what an ugly phrase 'making love' is—as if love were a dress or a pudding. Signor Giulio's fortunate star was in the ascendant. Miss Amelia Bridget Higgs was not, it is true, the beauty of the family; she was therefore the more grateful for any little polite attentions. And to tell in a few words what took them a great many—Mr. Higgs, who had come to Marseilles to meet his family, landed his feminine stock with warm congratulations that they had not taken up with any frog-eating fellow abroad.

"The old Greek proverb says, call no man happy till he dies. A week after their arrival in Fitzroy Square, Miss Amelia Bridget thought it good for her health to walk every morning before breakfast. 'A very fine thing,' observed Mrs. Higgs; 'I am sure it used to be Job's own job to get her out of her bed.'

"One morning, however, Fitzroy Square must have been more than usually delightful: there was an east wind

'Amid whose vapours evil spirits dwelt;

the poor little daisies and crocuses,

'Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,'

seemed to implore their mother earth to receive them into her bosom again; the smuts, those 'fairy favours' from the gnome queen of coal fires, fell fast and thick; and the laburnums looked so many practical Rousseaus denouncing the progress of civilization.

"Why, I declare it spits,' said Mrs. Higgs, gazing on those watery drops on the windows which indicate what the Scotch call mist, and the English rain. 'Timothy, do go and tell your sister that the tea's quite cold, and we've eat all the prawns.'

"I'm sure, ma', replied the boy, 'you might send Jack—I've got my theme to do about being obliging, and I sha'n't have no time.'

"Indeed,' said Jack, who was what is called a fine manly boy, 'I sha'n't go; my stomach always tells me when it's breakfast-time—and Miss Biddy has got as good a clock as I have.'

"'What wicked boys you are!' exclaimed the irritated Mrs. Higgs; 'all this comes of your education.'

"'I am sure,' rejoined Jack, 'I don't want to be educated—I hate going to school.'

"'Ain't you ashamed of yourselves, you little ungrateful rascals? Don't you cost us a mint of money, that you may have the blessing education?'

"'I don't care,' returned Jack.

"'Don't care! you undootiful wretch, do you know that Don't Care came to the gallows?'

"'Well, ma', if it's my fate to be hanged, I shall never be drowned.'

"'I'll be the death of you, Master Saucebox!' said Mrs. Higgs, rushing wrathfully forward; but the box on the ear was arrested by the sudden entrance of Miss Bridget Amelia, and Signor Giulio Castelli. The young gentleman made his escape; but Mrs. Higgs's store of indignation was not so instantly to be assuaged, even by the oil of courtesy; though, by dint of eating two lozenges, getting her a glass of brandy during a gale, and seeing to the safety of a handbox, Signor Giulio was rather a favourite. As to Mr. Higgs, he hated all those foreigneering people.

"'A pretty time this is to come in to breakfast. The muffins are quite cold, I can tell you, Miss Higgs.'

"'Not Miss Higgs, but the Countess di Castelli,' said Giulio, stepping gracefully forward.

"'The countess took out her handkerchief.

"'Our felicity asks but the paternal blessing to make it complete. Kneel, my Amelia.'

"'Lord, father, don't be angry, and begin to swear; but I've been and got married this morning.'

"'Not to that damned jackanapes of a Frenchman!' cried the father.

"'Married, and got never no wedding clothes!' said the mother.

"'I'll lock you up on bread and water for a year,' said Mr. Higgs.

"'To think of you going and getting married before your eldest sister. But you never had no manners,' said Mrs. Higgs.

"'Miss Biddy's in for it now,' whispered Jack.

"Signor Giulio began an eloquent speech about his noble blood, his country's wrongs, and his fair countess; and his lady began to cry. Tears did more than words. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Higgs could ever abide the sight of crying: their anger melted like barley-sugar exposed to the moist air—the young couple were forgiven—and

the whole family spent the wedding-day at Greenwich."

CABINET CYCLOPEDIA. *Lives of the most eminent British Military Commanders. Vol. I. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. London. 1831. Longman and Co.*

This volume forms the 25th Number of Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," and is the first of a series to be devoted to the biography of men eminent either as Divines, Statesmen, Military or Naval Commanders. The object of this volume, as stated by the author himself, is to render the English reader acquainted not only with the personal adventures of certain of our most distinguished military commanders, but to convey to his mind some general notion of the military history of his own country. He has therefore given, in a judicious and well-written Introduction, a "condensed view of the rise and progress of the British Army, from its rude beginnings, in ages prior to the Norman conquest, down to its systematic organization in modern times." The Biographies chosen for this volume are those of

SIR WALTER DE MANNY—Being a specimen of the warrior during the chivalrous age, when bodily prowess was more esteemed than military science.

SIR FRANCIS DE VERE—Being a specimen of the military commanders of the Elizabethan age, and marking the introduction of a new system, originating in the invention of fire-arms.

OLIVER CROMWELL—As the founder of standing armies in England; and

JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH—The general who, by his great military science, elevated the character of the British soldier to a level with, if not beyond, that of the most skilful of his European rivals in glory.

By this happy selection Mr. Gleig has been enabled to exhibit in strong points of view four distinct and most important eras in the military history of our country.

The lives of great men, be the distinguishing characteristics of their genius what they may, are always the source of much interesting contemplation; they form at once an excitement and an example—they tend to foster and direct the spirit of man; they convert that which would degenerate into mere restlessness and disorder into the beauty of patriotism, and the laudable exertions of a pure ambition.

Such a work as the present, when executed with judgment and fidelity, is highly calculated to keep alive that military spirit on which in fact depends a nation's greatness. And we must accord to our author

that praise which he so well deserves. His Introduction is indeed a very animated, though concise, sketch of the military progress of Britain, and his Biographies are written in a style at once pleasing and forcible.

—
THE USURER'S DAUGHTER. *By a Contributor to Blackwood's Magazine.* London. 1832. Simpkin and Marshall.

These volumes will be highly amusing to a certain class of novel readers. We allude to those who are fond of marking the progress of the hero and heroine through multiform and unprecedented hardships—and follow, with wondering incomprehension, the series of strange unrealities with which an author sometimes delights to trifle with his readers. There are many portions, however, of the work which are rich in powerful description as well of events as of character. We select the following description, with which the first chapter opens.

"The night of Wednesday, the 7th of June, 1780, was a night of horror and dismay to the city of London, such as it has not witnessed before or since; for though pestilence had walked its streets, and had blighted myriads by its withering breath; and though fire had, in its unresisted, and irresistible course, made a wilderness of ashes of what had been a city of habitation; yet in these visitations the hand, that held the scourge, was invisible, and where man looked on man there was sympathy. But when the madness of riot was let loose and the violence of superstitious ignorance was unchained, when man became at once the scourger, and the scourged; when the paleness of fear on one face was answered by the fury of threat on another, a paralysis of terror shot through the frame of society, and the whole city, inhabitants, magistrates and all, seemed to wait in calm despair the progress and the will of the rioters. A yell of 'no popery' had been raised, and the words, that conveyed no meaning to the ear, sent madness to the souls of those who uttered them, and dismay to the hearts of those who heard them. For three days the city had been in a state of worse than siege;—every shop was closed, the resorts of business were deserted, and the very pulse of social being stood still. Wherever there dwelt a Roman Catholic, or any one suspected of favouring their claims, there the rioters were expected, and preparation was made for meeting, as no hope was entertained of avoiding their vengeance."

With regard to the character of the Usurer, which every legitimate novel reader

will be sure his daughter does not inherit, we cannot better describe it than by resorting to that daughter's knowledge on the subject.

"Margaret knew her father's heart, not its hardness, for hardness may yield, not its coldness, for coldness may relax,—but its utter nothingness—its perfect impassibility:—she knew that no tear had ever glistened in his eye—and she felt that nothing could move him—for he had seen misery in all its forms—from the caustic agony of shame in the spirit of the necessitous proud man, down to the slowly wasting pangs of the poor man's gnawing hunger. He had seen wretchedness in palaces, and wretchedness in prisons, but he had not looked on it as wretchedness, but as the means of his own wealth; and he had used men's distresses as the skilful surgeon uses wounds, operating upon them with an exquisite and indescribable calmness."

We are not fond of giving the plot of a novel, or of making long quotations from its pages, lest we should unwittingly infringe the reader's pleasure, by abridging his or her interest. And it would be unfair to deny that there is much of both to be derived from the perusal of this work—for if there is something to condemn in its arrangement rather than in its execution, there is more to praise.

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THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT; and Juvenile Souvenir. Longman and Co. London, 1831. This annual, though expressly designed by its accomplished Editress for the more juvenile of our literary friends, has much that will please even more critical collectors of these yearly gems. Among the engravings, which are all good, we would particularly notice "Little Red Riding Hood," by Engleheart, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence; "The Grandfather's Nap," "A Roman Family," and "The Sailor's Widow." The Vignette also is extremely pretty. From the literary portion we extract the following as a specimen of the poetic style of the work, and it may be justly received as such when we confess that on opening the book we selected the piece which first presented itself.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

By Eileen.

The foremost of the lovely group
 Sat a dark-eyed gentle maid,
 Perhaps twelve sinless years had passed
 In sunshine o'er her head.

She told, in sweetly whispered tones,
 A melancholy tale;
 Which gladsome eyes grew dim to hear,
 As blooming cheeks grew pale.

A flush of pure and noble thought
 Stood on her marble brow ;
 And in her darkly brilliant eye,
 Shone more than childhood's glow ;
 Instinctively each feature beamed
 With rich intelligence,
 The sunshine of a happy heart,
 And perfect innocence.

Beside her stood, in merry mood,
 A laughing, sportive girl,
 Whose auburn ringlets lightly danced
 In many a glossy curl ;
 Her sparkling eyes were upwards turned
 Sidelong, in elfish glee,
 As o'er her cheek in dimples played
 The smiles of infancy ;

She looked a blameless seraph, sent
 In purity from heaven,
 Ere yet one earthly taint was caught,
 One mortal sorrow given.

A garland, busily she wove,
 With fingers light and fair,
 Designed, perhaps, to ornament
 Her sister's dark brown hair.

The next in age sat at her feet,
 A blue-eyed, fair-haired boy ;
 In whom a proud protecting smile
 Mingled with placid joy :

He sat, half leaning on the ground,
 Holding with careful hand
 A little infant on his knee,
 The yearling of the band ;

And ever as some freakish rage
 Disturbed that infant form,
 With arts, which children only know,
 He quelled the rising storm ;

Or as those tiny limbs esayed
 To totter forth alone,
 The tender boy with anxious care,
 Would teach the art unknown.

Sweet children ! may paternal hands
 Still guide your after years !
 May never touch of mortal harm,
 Change your sweet smiles to tears !

Among the prose pieces we think our young
 friends will be much pleased with "The
 Cabinet of Curiosities," and "The Chil-
 dren of Alsace."

FRAMLINGHAM ; a *Narrative of the Castle,*
in Four Cantos, by James Bird. Baldwin
 and Craddock. London, 1831.

If we cannot accord much praise to the
 versification of this Poem, yet it is but fair
 to observe, that the incidents belonging to
 the History of the Castle, are well and
 pleasingly arrayed before us, and that the
 tale is extremely pretty and interesting.—
 We regret that want of space prevents our
 giving any extracts.

PRACTICAL EXAMINATIONS ON THE IMME-
 DIATE TREATMENT OF THE PRINCIPAL
 EMERGENCIES THAT OCCUR IN SURGERY,
 &c. *Systematically arranged.* By W. S. Oke,
 M. D. and extra Licentiate of the Royal
 College of Physicians, in London. Long-
 man and Co. 1831.

"At the early part of my medical career,"
 says Dr. Oke, "conscious of the many lia-
 bilities of my situation, I have often felt the
 want of a publication which might sys-
 tematically embrace the nature and treat-
 ment of all emergencies ; a work in which
 I could frequently exercise my mind, and
 which might at the same time serve as a
 brief and authoritative reference upon those
 occasions." That such a work has long
 been a desideratum we perfectly agree, and
 right glad are we to find, that in the volume
 before us the deficiency is supplied. An
 experience of twenty years has enabled the
 Doctor to give the medical profession that
 practical information which we may in vain
 look for among the mere theorists of the
 day, and where he has modestly doubted
 his own ability, or desired to support a parti-
 cular opinion, he has culled copious extracts
 from other authors of the highest talent
 and consideration. The work is couched
 in a catechetical form, and the interroga-
 tories under their several heads appear to em-
 brace every possible emergency which may
 occur in the various departments of sur-
 gery. To the tyro in anatomy this little
 volume will be invaluable, and the direc-
 tions and admonitions addressed to the
 medical student in the preface, cannot be
 too carefully perused. Dr. Oke's publica-
 tion will doubtless become a standard work
 in the profession.

Fine Arts.

VISIT TO THE BRITISH GALLERY, ON THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF COPIES FROM
 THE OLD MASTERS.

THIS Institution, which, in the beauty
 and variety of its exhibitions, ranks next
 to the Royal Academy, opened last month
 for the inspection of the Studies and Copies

annually made by the Students there. In
 the Spring its walls are hung with the
 blossoms of the rising geniuses of the pre-
 sent age ; in the Summer, with the fruit of

those who flourished in ages before them; but in the Autumn, with the frigid productions of those whose labours must end in the winter of art. We are happy, however, to be enabled to point out a few exceptions, to reward the noble patrons who lend their property for the advancement of the English school. "The Girl and Dog," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is admirably copied by Mr. Philip Simpson. In Vandyke's "Sons of the Duke of Buckingham," Miss Derby and Mr. Middleton have both succeeded extremely well. From Sir Joshua's "Snake in the Grass" there is a beautiful copy by Miss F. Corbeaux. We are sorry to observe that of that splendid Landscape by Poussin, there is not one good copy. Mr. Clack's "Flight into

Egypt," by Claude, we agree with a talented morning contemporary in considering as in every respect equal to the original. Miss Du Jarden's copy of a "Moonlight," by Vanderneer, is very good. The copies from Rembrandt's "Wife" are all very indifferent. There are some ludicrous ones from Titian's "Venus." The "Cow's Head," by Berghem, is copied in a spirited manner by Mr. Lance. We noticed also a very excellent copy of Rubens's "Bacchanalian Scene," by Mr. Buss. There is another and better of the same by a gentleman, whose singular name we unfortunately forget. Eleven studies, by D. M'Clise, prove that he was not undeserving of the gold medal which he received on the 10th ult. at Somerset House.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.

THE grand attraction at this house during the month has been the production of a new version of the *Barber of Seville*, introducing the whole of the original music, and a more acceptable treat, in the operatic way, we could not possibly have experienced. Right glad are we also to have it in our power to award the warmest praise, where on several occasions of late we have dwelt with censure. Mrs. Wood, with one or two exceptions, sustained the part of *Rosina* most delightfully: it is exactly suited to her abilities, and she certainly exerted herself with praiseworthy zeal. "An old man would be wooing" was nightly encored, but it was overacted. The finale to *Cinderella* was introduced in order to give an increased *eclat* to the opera, but we did not admire the style in which it was executed. Miss Inverarity, at Covent Garden, sings it with infinitely better taste and with far more pleasing effect, as may also be inferred from the constant encore she receives, whilst Mrs. Wood meets with none. The truest way of securing the approbation of an English audience is to sing with feeling, and to avoid destroying the beauty of the air by the introduction of ornament, (as it is called). In executing the finale to *Cinderella*, Mrs. Wood, towards the conclusion, contrives to pall her subject by leading our ears up one scale, down another, and through an infinite variety of irregular passages, until all the favourable sensations created by her earlier efforts are annihilated through the nausea attendant on those which follow. Miss Inverarity has better discrimination, or rather better

natural taste, and gives a nicer attention to that which is correct and proper. In other respects Mrs. Wood was quite to our wishes, and truly delighted us. Seguin played *Dr. Bartolo* with considerable humour, and sang admirably. This young man is greatly improved, and promises to become a great acquisition on the boards. H. Phillips quite astonished us by his acting as the *Barber*: it was spirited, rich, and diverting in the extreme, and his beautiful voice was heard to great advantage. Wood's *Almaviva* was the weakest portion of the cast. It was more of a task than he could well accomplish. Parts of his performance were very tame and laboured, and, but for the excellent time kept by Phillips, and the support received from him, he must have cut an awkward figure. He seems, however, to have acquired greater confidence of late, as the opera has been each time repeated, and is somewhat improved. We must not omit to notice the excellent manner in which Bedford contributed to the harmony and effect of the music as *Basil*. We have never seen his taste put to so severe a test, and never heard him with greater pleasure. The discrimination displayed on this occasion, independently of his quality of voice, entitles him to a higher rank than the musical world are usually in the habit of allowing him; and his acting was truly quaint and diverting. Altogether we cannot do better than recommend all those who are inclined for a real musical treat to lose no time in witnessing the representation of the *Barber of Seville*.

A pleasing original two act drama has been successfully produced here, under the

title of the *Bride of Ludgate*. It is a pleasing trifle from the pen of Mr. Jerrold, and is founded on an adventure of King Charles the Second, who forms the principal character in the plot. Wallack represented the merry monarch, and, though scarcely so rich in his style as Charles Kemble, was very spirited. Miss Phillips has also an interesting part, and Harley and Cooper highly diverting ones. The plot is lively, the language characteristic and elegant, and the situations good. The actors have improved on each repetition, and the whole goes off now with very good spirit.

A new five-act Comedy has also successfully been produced here from the pen of Mrs. Gore, entitled *Lords and Commons*. The plot is good, though not over new, and the dialogue refined throughout. *Sir Caleb Kebobs*, (Farren), the head of a firm in which his ward (Wallack) has been placed, comes to this country from India, and finding that he has been leading a dissipated and irregular life during his absence, and that he will neither give up his associates, (a set of black-legs of quality), nor marry the daughter of his partner, (a match on which the baronet has set his heart, but which *Melville* refuses on account of a prior engagement), reads him a terrible lesson by disinheriting him, whereupon his friends forsake him; *Lady Newford*, a fine countess, forbids her daughter to think of him; and unfortunately his partner, *Old Quotient*, (Mr. J. Russell) whose indulgence has enabled him to ruin himself, is ruined with him, *Sir Caleb* withdrawing his name from the firm, and a run coming on the house; after all, however, the lesson is but a lesson, and was only intended as such. *Melville*, whose real name is *Lovell*, is the son of an old and beloved friend of *Sir Caleb's*, who was brother to *Lady Newford*, and after being renounced by her for marrying a plebeian, was slain in India. The testy but good hearted old baronet now proclaims the fact to her ladyship, and also to their lordships the black-legs: *Quotient's* daughter, who was a favourite with him when a child, and who is in love with a friend of *Melville's*, has her disinterestedness put to the test (somewhat awkwardly for her filiality) in being offered the restoration of her father's house, on condition that she marries the old gentleman's ward: and in short, the good and the good-hearted are all set to rights, old and young, and the false friends made to hang their fine heads with ignominy.

The approbation was unequivocal, and although the comedy is certainly not of the highest rank, it may lay claim to a lengthened career, being at all events superior to the production at the Haymarket, during

the summer, by the same lady. Farren was quite at home as the *Baronet*, Wallack also as *Melville*. Harley has a bustling officious character that suits him well, a sort of gentleman of all work and of every body's acquaintance, whom 'nobody calls sir but his creditors.' Brindal sustained the part of a valet with an excellent display of dandyism. Mrs. Humby played a waiting-woman in her usual style, and Miss Kenneth made the most of an indifferent part.

Charles the Twelfth has been played several times of late, and we advert to the circumstance for the purpose of expressing our disapprobation at the great injustice done to the author, to say nothing of the insult offered to the audience, by the interpolations and irregularities committed by Messrs. Cooper and Harley. The part of the latter, as the *Burgomaster*, is certainly little else than that of the buffoon, and therefore any new nonsense may pass off without much harm. But with regard to *Firman*, we would ask, with what degree of propriety is it, when in instant dread of being discovered in his disguise, at a moment too when the legal authorities are exclusively engaged in his very presence in the examination of evidence to bring him to justice, that he answers the *Burgomaster* with the words "Pooh, pooh?" or that he takes out of his mouth other, jocose sentences, by the author assigned to him. It may seem hypercriticism to advert to this, but we have of late seen this "gagging system" carried to so disgusting a length in the *Lion* piece, that it is high time an end should be put to such indecency. Wallack continues to play *Adam Brock* with spirit, and Miss Pearson, whose acting has greatly improved of late, is nightly encored in "Rise Gentle Moon."

The pantomime produced at this house this year is entitled, *Harlequin and Little Thumb, or the Seven-Leagued Boots*, and, on the whole, greatly amused the audience. We know not by whom it was got up, but we certainly do not consider it equal to the few last that Barrymore brought out here. The introductory story hinges, as the title will imply, on the tact of little Thumb in preserving his brothers from destruction at the hands of an ogre, into whose power they had fallen through the abandonment of their father. This part was played by a very diminutive child, Miss Marshall, with a truly precocious exhibition of talent. A pair of lovers, (eventually the happy ones of the harlequinade,) and an old man, with their servant, are also ensnared into a similar predicament, but the intervention of a kind little fairy saves them also from destruction by converting them into the choice spirits

of the pantomime. There was a great lack of novelty in the tricks, which were but "few and far between," but ample amends were made by the strenuous and able endeavours of the performers. Howell is very much improved as *Harlequin*, Miss Baseke not over active, but graceful, as *Columbine*, Southby an excellent *Clown*, and Bartlett, who made his first appearance in lieu of Blanchard, as excellent a substitute as could have been wished for *Pantaloon*. The ogre's walk over Mount Etna, whilst in a state of convenient momentary irruption, afforded the audience much amusement, as did also the placing of a huge chest of lead over the *Pantaloon*, which rendered him a perfect "flat." There were some good squibs on the times; such as the introduction of an amusing scene exhibiting the Cholera mania, the rival Paganinis, &c. &c. A clever piece of machinery in the introduction, converted a huge boat into a fairy temple: there was also an excellent change from a ship to a balloon, in which *Harlequin* and *Columbine* ascended, which was admirably managed. There were other very good novelties of movement, but the principal attraction was the scenery, the whole of which was excellent, and especially Stanfield's Diorama, embracing views of Venice and its adjacent Islands; The grand Canal; The Church of Santa Maria della Salute; The Dogano; Santo Georgio Maggiore; The Lido; The Lagunes, at Night; The Bridge of Sighs, by Moonlight; The Piazza de San Marco; and The Ducal Palace.

These were represented with great fidelity, and elicited great marks of approbation. The Bridge of Sighs was given with very great effect. The whole of the music, by Mr. Hughes, is extremely appropriate and pleasing, and the overture is, without exception, the best pantomimic one we ever remember to have heard. We last year spoke in the most flattering terms of Mr. George Macfarlane's execution of a solo on the key bugle. We were this year similarly treated. "On the Banks of Allan Water" was played by him in a truly exquisite manner, and the applause attending its execution of the most flattering character. Were we not satisfied by ocular proof, we could not possibly have conceived that so delicate a tone, combined with so brilliant an execution, could possibly have emanated from an instrument naturally opposed to every principle of the kind. Altogether, the pantomime is calculated to delight our holiday friends; and as we understand a variety of new tricks, &c. are forthwith to be introduced, we doubt not it will continue to attract crowded audiences.

JAN. 1832.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The favourable report that so generally prevailed previous to Miss Sheriff's debut, regarding her talents, has, in every respect, been realized, on her appearance in *Artaxerxes*, and the enthusiastic applause with which she has nightly been received proves her to be as firmly fixed in the favour of the public as her warmest admirers and best friends could wish. Miss Sheriff has indeed every requisite to command success; an elegant figure, pleasing and intelligent face, ease and grace in her movements, a voice good, round, flexible, and sweet; and to these high qualities may be added the no less important ones of great feeling and taste. The middle and upper parts of her voice possess the greater portion of strength and quality, the lower notes being at present rather weak; but time and practice will doubtlessly yield an improvement in this latter respect. Her execution is neat, and, where needful, brilliant; and her ear evidently very correct. There is another point which we deem of no trifling moment, namely, the absence of all contortion of the countenance, so that while the ear is delighted, the eye is not in the least distressed, as is commonly the case with Mrs. Wood's display. Almost all the songs in *Mandane* were encored, but, nevertheless, Miss Sheriff's voice appeared quite fresh to the end without any diminution of force. Braham was splendid as *Arbaces*, and Wilson tasteful and correct in the extreme. Miss H. Cawse we did not so much admire in *Artaxerxes* as in any previous character we have seen her in. She was encored in "Infancy our Hopes and Fears," but we did not admire the manner in which it was done; the conclusion was particularly offensive to true taste. "Inspi-hi-hired my Love" was given twice. Miss Sheriff has since appeared as *Polly*, in the *Beggar's Opera*, and earned fresh praise. Right glad were we to see so much feeling displayed in her singing. Let her continue to study the means of appealing to the heart in her songs, and she will ensure the completest and most permanent success. Had not Braham done worse in singing his verse of "God save the King" we should add that his *Macheath* is the least tasteful of his performances.—Whilst, however, we are extolling the beauties to be found in our new songstress, we must not in our love of "a new face" be guilty of the ingratitude of omitting to notice our charming favourite, Miss Inverarity, who, by innate taste and talent, combined with a judicious study of her science, has rendered us on very many occasions the truest of pleasurable feeling. She has of late appeared as *Rosina*, in the

Barber of Seville; and although the version is far inferior in its arrangement when compared with that now performing at Drury Lane, the part has been sustained in a manner truly beautiful. We were well assured, from the first moment when we witnessed this young lady's appearance in London, that she must succeed. There was an exhibition of so much taste and soul, as it were, in her delivery of the Cinderella music, combined with so much of ease and lady-like bearing; and now, wondrously improved, we find her as accomplished in her art, as any female on the English boards. Miss Inverarity, be it remembered, is young, and if she be not at the present moment capable of imparting so much physical force and energy to her performances as Mrs. Wood, judging from the progress which time has already enabled her to accomplish, it will, ere long, leave her second to none in this particular. But Miss Inverarity possesses one invaluable quality—that of intense feeling, and a correct taste which leads her to sacrifice ornament to propriety, and to seek for approbation in the only legitimate means of securing it. "An old Man would be wooing" was warmly encored, and every portion of her part most favourably received. We never remember a more unanimous round of applause than greeted her first appearance. Wilson proved himself the best tenor singer of the day. And Penson was amusing as *Figaro*.

The present is, without exception, the best Pantomime produced at this house for many years. The inventive genius of Mr. Farley seemed of late to have forsaken him, but this year it has returned with renewed vigour. The present subject is entitled, and is very similar to that at Drury Lane, *Hop o' my Thumb*, being enacted by the clever little Miss Poole. We have not space to minutely describe all the many little happy portions of her performance, but it will suffice to say, that she acquitted herself with great judgment. The scenery is principally of a very pretty character; and a Diorama, by Grieve, exhibits, with great fidelity, the procession and spectacle on the opening of New London Bridge. The tricks are numerous, and some of them highly to be praised for their novelty. Paulo is the very best of clowns. Ellar, excellent as *Harlequin*; and Barnes, second to none, but Blanchard, as *Pantaloön*. The debutante, Miss Davis, acquitted herself to the great satisfaction of the audience.

It has been currently reported that the managers of the great houses have served

notices on those of the minors, threatening proceedings against all who venture to act the regular drama. We have also been much pleased to hear that the principal performers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden have subscribed to back their managers in carrying into effect any proceedings needful to promote this determination. We trust both these rumours are true, since we are well convinced that such a line of policy as that which they infer is to be acted on can alone save the drama from total destruction and disrepute. By the support or failure of the large houses will the drama and its professors stand or fall, and we cannot but too strongly urge on the proprietors of each a reasonable enforcement of all that the law has armed them with. We would, on the one hand, remind them of the property they have at stake, the difficulties they have to contend against, the almost impossibility of keeping open their houses in the present order of things, without the greatest positive loss; and, on the other, strive to incite them to the fulfilment of their duty, by a contemplation of the important obligation which they owe to the public at large. To our national theatres the people look up with some degree of reverential feeling, with a certain degree of regard. We hail them as the correctors of our taste, our morals, and our feelings—as the means of diverting the attention of a widely extended population from subjects that, politically considered, are best turned aside from their minds, and as the rational source of moral entertainment and pleasurable recreation from the anxieties and fatigues of the day. These are, or at least have been, the views of men high in power, in rank, and ability, and the wisest politicians, of whatever party or creed, have concurred in the importance of their support. With a publication like our own, where space is but limited, it is impossible to enter upon such a subject with the extended degree of argument it calls for; and although, in our sincere regard for the interests of the drama, we have upon several occasions expressed our sentiments in a most decided way, have pointed out conduct to be approved and follies to be deprecated,* yet we must allow that they have been intended rather as hints towards the furthering of a general benefit, on which others might build their fabric. But it does certainly excite our wonder that scarcely any portion of the public press should be found beyond ourselves, with our limited capabilities, to stand up in defence of the true interests of

* Vide particularly our Numbers for July and December.

the stage. There are numerous periodicals to assail, very many to take the part of any irregularity committed against, the major theatres, but we can discover none as yet aroused sufficiently from their lethargy to advocate the cause of justice and common sense in the matter. We would urge them then to their duty, to the display of that talent and ability which it is our country's pride to boast, towards an impartial but earnest consideration of this important subject, knowing well that argument in print, sensibly conceived and wisely pointed, must prove the ultimate means of the correction of abuse.

To the performers we would urge the support of the great theatres, as they would wish respectability to be attached to the profession of which they are members. Let them give their unanimous assistance towards furthering the good cause, and they will retain their rank in the world's estimation—otherwise, let them be sure that degradation will ensue. Mr. Chapman has recently been cast in several penalties, for acting the regular drama, and it would appear, that considerable sympathy has been excited in consequence. What are the facts? this gentleman, however estimable his character and views, has the folly to conceive that he should be able to make an excellent speculation by opening a new theatre, in a dirty street in the city, and in defiance of the law of the land, is forthwith guilty of committing a variety of irregularities, tending to inflict the deepest injury, for which he is forthwith made amenable in a court of justice. Who will venture to assert that he has not properly been taken to task? We have before stated, and we now repeat our conviction, that the want of support of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, is mainly attributable to the vast numbers of other houses open in every hole and corner of the metropolis, where the regular drama is caricatured and murdered, and that the arguments which have been held out regarding the depression of the times, are quite fallacious. We can nowhere discover any diminution in the indulgence or enjoyment of any class of the community, and we are quite sure that, taking into consideration the numerous audiences collected in various parts of London, the drama is patronised more now than ever. An attentive consideration will doubtless speedily be given to the subject by the legislature, and we hope, that some enactment may settle all differences, on a fair but firm system. There will be doubtless an extension of privilege to some theatres, the propriety of granting which, taking the amount of population into consideration, we admit, but we

trust that a certain degree of protection may be reserved against their present further increase.

THE SURREY.

This theatre has been closed during the greater part of the month, in consequence of its having become insecure in a portion of its construction, and the whole of the interior has been rebuilt, at an expense it is said of three thousand pounds, by Mr. Osbaldeston, who has become the lessee. The appearance is now truly elegant within, and vastly improved; and if we may augur from the good sense displayed by Mr. O. during the time he so excellently fulfilled the duties of stage manager, we have every reason to anticipate that the well-earned character of this establishment will in nowise suffer by the change.

The winter season commenced on Monday, with the *Sorcerer*; the opera of *Cinderella*, in which Miss Somerville sang most delightfully; and, for the first time, a new pantomime, called *Old King Cole, or the Fiddlers Three*. The scenery is, for the most part, very pretty; the tricks, numerous and good, and the characters well sustained. The *Columbine* of Mademoiselle Rosier was extremely spirited, and indeed we may say, she is the best representative of that part now before the public. Honner makes a very respectable *Harlequin*, and old Hartland and Asbury well complete the corps. We find amongst the company newly engaged here, are Elton and Cobham—the latter as stage manager—and almost all the old favourites are retained. A better male tenor singer, however, than Edwin, is sadly wanted: Ransford's bass is excellent. We wish this theatre every success.

THE COBBOURG.

The manager has here been, if possible, more indefatigable than ever in his exertions, and certainly deserves all the success he meets with. A new play, called the *Wizard Skiff, or the Pirate Boy*, has introduced to us Mademoiselle Celeste, who is possessed of great talent, and, as a dancer, is unsurpassed on the boards. There is so much ease, combined with real grace, in her movements, that it commands a never failing acknowledgment of her ability. A new pantomime has also been produced here, which, for fun and frolic, will yield to none of its compeers. It is entitled, the *Witch of Edmonton, or Nobody and his Wife*. The part of *Clown* was sustained by young Grimaldi, who managed to keep the holiday folk in a continued roar of laughter. His activity, considering his bulk, (having become very stout since we last saw him,) was astonish-

ing. Elliott was a good *Pantaloon*, and G. Smith a tolerable *Harlequin*. We can see no good reason for bringing Mrs. Searle here to play *Columbine*, from Sadler's Wells; we do not at all admire her in the part. Could not Mademoiselle Celeste have been prevailed upon to accept it?

Some of the scenery is very well painted, particularly a diorama of American scenery, by Phillips. We copy the words of the bill:—A Picturesque Tour from New York to Hudson River, ending at the stupendous Cataract of Niagara, commencing with a general View of the City of New York; Approach to Governor's Island; New Jersey; Hoquken Ferry; Wehawk, or Wehawken Bluff; Passing Jersey Flats; the Palisades; a Dense Fog; the Storm subsides, and the view shows Tampa'an Bay; Passing the Islands; the United States Academy at West Point; passing

under the Wooded Banks of Polypus Island, we reach that broad and beautiful expanse of waters which form Newburgh Bay, by Moonlight; passing onward, we arrive at Catskill Point; and thence to the stupendous Falls of Niagara.

This was much applauded. Several of the scenes were highly humorous, particularly a squib on the Lions; and the lottery ticket 909, which, by being turned upside down, reads 606, and occasions an endless source of speculation and amusement. Grimaldi sang the song of "Hot Codlings" with very great humour. Altogether this pantomime is very creditable to the establishment, and will, we doubt not, prove the source of profit. We understand that a variety of novelties are in active preparation, and that several new performers are engaged.

Music.

THE HARMONICON. *A Monthly Journal of Music for December, 1831.* Longman.

THE number this month offered to our notice ably concludes the volume for 1831, and we may truly say, is nowise inferior in point of talent to those which have preceded it. The papers contained in it are a memoir of John Bates, Esq. which is replete with interesting anecdote; an able letter to the Editor on the Odes on St. Cecilia's Day; a paper on the New York Paganini, Mr. Canderbeck, which speaks most highly of his abilities, not alone as a mechanical trickster, but as a performer of true taste and science; this paper also adverts to a contest now carrying on in New York, regarding the comparative merits of Miss Hughes and Mrs. Austen, who, together with Sinclair, are singing there, and are great favourites. We have next a notice of the works of Beethoven, admirably penned; the Ecclesiastical Choirs of Great Britain and Ireland, continued, embracing a Notice of Westminster Abbey; and other admirable papers, reviews, &c. From the entertaining Diary of a Dilettante, we extract the following anecdote of Catalani.

"The transition from parts of dramatic dignity to the character she supported in private life, was never more easy than in the case of Madame Catalani. In person, manner, and discourse, she was noble; and one was too often disposed to confound Catalani with *Semiramide*. The unusual respect shewn to her by crowned heads, seemed less accorded to the actress than the woman; and whether on the stage or

at court, it ever seemed that *elle aspirait à descendre*. The last word pronounced, it is said, by the King of Bavaria, was the name of the Roman songstress. The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt took his seat in the orchestra of his theatre, as leader of the band, in honour of her genius; and even the Emperor of Austria forgot all meaner arts in admiration of Catalani. Charles John, of Sweden, himself conducted her through the Royal Museum at Stockholm in 1827, where two magnificent vases of porphyry attracted her admiration; and some time after, a similar pair was forwarded to her at Paris, by the gallant Prince, who deemed twenty thousand francs not too costly a tribute to the enchanting actress. Yet all her sympathies were not devoted to royalty; for having visited Cracow, and consented to sing for one night at the public theatre, when the enormous amount of her engagement was tendered her, she returned more than the moiety of the sum in aid of the erection of the monument in memory of the patriot Kosciuszko.

"At Weimar it was Catalani's good or ill fortune to be placed at table next to the venerable Goethe. It was intended by her illustrious host as a mark of respect to the fair Italian; but the lady was little acquainted with literature in general, or any other poetry than that which the fair translator to the King's Theatre murders so exquisitely for the benefit of its British frequenters. The peculiar attention paid to her neighbour, added to his imposing ap-

pearance, attracted the curiosity of the syren, and she inquired his name. 'The celebrated Goethe, Madam.'—'Pray, on what instrument does he play?' was the next interrogation. 'Madam, it is the renowned author of Werter.'—'Oh! yes, yes, I recollect.' Then turning to Goethe, resolved in her turn to compliment the aged poet, 'Ah! Monsieur,' she exclaimed, 'how greatly do I admire Werter!' A low bow answered the distinguished eulogist. —'I never read anything so truly laughable in my life. What a complete farce, Sir,'—'Madam! The Sorrows of Werter?'—'Oh! Sir, was ever anything more truly ridiculous?' continued the laughing lady, as she recalled to memory—What?—a *parody* upon Werter, produced at one of the minor theatres at Paris, where all the sentimentality of the Teutonic swain had been cruelly but laughably burlesqued. The poet's nerves were sadly affected by the applause so equivocally lavished on his unsuspected talent; and the lady's credit was sensibly diminished at the court of Weimar, by her ignorance of Werter and Goethe sentimentality."

In the Foreign Musical Report from Vienna we find the following:

"Mademoiselle Meyer, the famous female performer on the flute, has been playing lately at Venice with great applause. She certainly not only exceeds any thing that could be expected from one of the fair sex, but has few rivals even when sex is put out of the question. Her execution throughout the whole compass of the instrument, is rapid, tasteful, and correct, and her higher notes particularly clear and brilliant. Boucher (surnamed the flute Paganini) is gone to London, to secure, if he can, a portion of the golden fleece. He is said to surpass either Fulon or Drouet."

Heaven defend us from any more Paganinis.

The music consists of the Overture to the Opera to Fiorella, composed by Auber; a Finale, by Adolphe Adam of Paris; a Romance, composed for the Harmonicon by Richard Webster, of Glasgow; "We only hear the word Farewell," from the Musical Bijou, composed by Barnett, the words by Thomas Haynes Bayly; an Air by Auber, from the above mentioned Opera; a Tyrolienne Ballad, from the Musical Gem; and a March from the Ballet of Zeila, composed by P. Lindpainter. These are all excellent in their respective styles, and form as pretty a collection as we have yet had presented to us. In conclusion, we cannot but heartily wish our contemporary a happy new year, and all the success which its merits warrant.

MELODIES. *The words written, and the music composed, by Mrs. Alexander Kerr. Novello, Frith Street.*

We have an apology to offer to Mrs. Kerr, as well as our readers, for not resuming our critique on her elegant volume last month. "Better late than never," however, is an adage which we trust will avail us to a certain extent, and we will endeavour to make our peace by a delivery now of our honest opinion, regarding the merits of that portion of the volume as yet unnoticed. We have already praised the poetry, and it now, therefore, remains for us to speak of the music of the songs, which we have had the fullest opportunity of trying ourselves, as well as of hearing them warbled by voices the sweetest and choicest "in our dear love." The result has been in every respect favourable; we have placed Mrs. Kerr high in our esteem as a musician,—and why? she has displayed the best taste, and sought to appeal to our hearts by lays the most touching and congenial. She has awakened our sympathies by the plain but faithful transcript of the outpourings of a heart, whose devotedness and fidelity form its noblest and most charming attributes. Such characteristics cannot fail of meeting with a general favour with our fair subscribers, and indeed we know not that we can more oblige them than by directing their attention to this work. The work is splendidly got up, illustrated by nine engravings in a very superior style by the first artists, and is altogether the most elegant production we have met with in the musical way. Mrs. Kerr gives only her initials as the stamp of authenticity to the volume, but she would have added still further to the attraction of the work by a greater portion of her hand-writing, which is the most lady-like in the universe.

THE CADEAU; a Christmas, New Year's, Midsummer, or Birth-day Present for 1832. Johanning and Watmore.

In our last we reviewed the poetry of this elegant volume, and if we then could "pick a quarrel" about the manner in which that portion was got up, we certainly can find no fault now with the music, which is chiefly foreign, and of a very sterling character. We notice in particular a beautifully arranged set of quadrilles from the Emissary; and many of the ballads are very tasteful. As regards the music of this annual, we deem it superior, indeed, to that published in any other, and cannot but heartily congratulate Messrs. Johanning and Watmore on their success. We made some observations last month about the conducting of the work, which, they will be sure,

emanated from us in the pure spirit of impartiality. We can only say, if recompense properly attends merit, and our recommendations can avail, they will not long have a single copy of the *Cadeau* unpurchased. We had written a longer and more particular notice of this work, but have

been compelled to substitute these brief general observations, in order to include the subject in our present impression.

(A variety of other musical notices the printer has been compelled to omit this month, for want of space.)

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

EVENING DRESS.

A FIGURED satin dress; the ground is pale lemon-colour, the spots, *vallière*; the *corsage* is made very low behind, and falling very much off the shoulders, but something higher in front. The back is plain, the front, in crossed drapery; the folds are very deep, and disposed round the upper part of the bust only. A blond lace *ruche* borders the top of the *corsage*. Short full sleeves, disposed in falling plaits. A light fancy trimming borders the skirt above the hem. The head-dress is a crimson velvet *chapeau beret*, trimmed under the brim next to the face with a gold net, in which are inserted two long white ostrich feathers; gold cords and tassels, with a bouquet of ostrich feathers attached on one side of the crown, complete the trimming. The jewellery is of massive gold.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

It is composed of *bleu de Roi*, watered *gros de Naples*. A low *corsage*, forming the exact shape of a heart in crossed drapery before and behind, low upon the shoulders, but rising in the centre of the bust, so as only to display the blond lace trimming of the *chemisette*. *Canezou* of blond lace of the *pelerine-fichu* form, arranged *en cœur*, by knots of gauze riband in the shoulders. *Amadis* sleeves, the full part composed of the material of the dress, the tight part of blond lace. *Coiffure à la Clotilde*; the hair is combed entirely off the forehead, and disposed on each side in corkscrew ringlets. The hind hair is plaited with gauze riband to correspond with the dress; the plait wound round the head, and surmounted by a tortoiseshell comb beautifully curved, gives the head-dress the form of a crown; a sprig of foliage, composed of riband, droops from the back of the head into the neck. The jewellery is of gold and emeralds.

BALL DRESS.

A dress of gaze *satinée*, a white ground figured in a new pattern of chocolate and *vallière*. *Corsage, à la Grecque*, with double *beret* sleeves, arranged in falling plaits. *Coiffure à la Malibran*. The hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in a full bow, which is placed rather low behind. A

guirlande, à la Ceres, goes round the head, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers surmounts the bows, and mingles with them. The jewellery is massive gold.

WALKING DRESS.

A *gros des Indes* pelisse, of the new fancy colour, *Esmeralda*: The *corsage*, made to set close to the shape, is arranged in the heart style, by lappels, which also form epaulettes: they are embroidered in silk a shade darker than the dress. The sleeves are of the long *gigot* shape. The front of the dress is very richly embroidered in the form of a broken cone: it is also ornamented with a twisted satin rouleau, from which double *coques* of riband issue at regular distances. The border is embroidered above the hem. The head-dress is a black velvet *capote Anglaise*, trimmed under the brim with *coques* of vermillion gauze riband. Plumes of cocks' feathers to correspond in colour, and knots of riband, ornament the crown. The cap and the *colerette* are of tulle.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

There has been little alteration in promenade dress since last month, and nothing of actual novelty has appeared. Mantles seem rather more in favour, and shawls less. Muffs have also increased in favour, and we see, occasionally, fur tippets of the palatine form; that is, with large round backs, and broad deep ends substituted for boas, but the latter are still considered more fashionable.

Plain velvet, and uncut velvet, are the materials most in favour for walking bonnets. The prettiest and most appropriate, in our opinion, are those with low crowns, short at the ears, and with projecting, but not deep, brims, which are rounded at the corners. They are simply trimmed with plain, broad satin riband, which goes once round the crown, and, crossing in front, descends on each side of the brim, and ties under the chin. We see, also, some of the cottage shape, with very small, square brims, and low narrow crowns, which are almost in a line with the brim: these last are most fashionable, although not the most



EVENING DRESS.

Engraved expressly for The Ladies' Museum. New and Improved Series. January 1852.



BALL DRESS

WALKING DRESS

generally adopted in walking dress, being principally confined to carriage costume. They are trimmed with ribands only. Black lace veils are very much in favour.

Mantles have increased in favour in carriage dress, particularly those with velvet pelerines and facings. Some of those, composed of *gros des Indes*, are made with sleeves of the most extravagant dimensions. We have seen some that have the back made tight to the figure, and shaped like the back of a pelisse, and an under front, of the *fichu* kind, which wraps across over the dress. These mantles hang excessively full over the shoulders and bosom, and have a high standing collar, but no pelerine. This form is novel and graceful, but not much in favour. A few fancy muffs, composed of embroidered velvet, have appeared, but those of expensive fur are more in favour.

Carriage bonnets are almost exclusively of the cottage shape, as described above, but they are very much trimmed. Some have the crown adorned with three bands of riband, which are united in the centre, under an ornament also composed of riband, and resembling either a star or a cabbage rose. Others have a band of riband placed in an oblique direction round the crown, and terminating in a bow on one side: a *panache* of cocks' feathers, or three short ostrich feathers, issues from the bow. The trimming either corresponds with the bonnet, or else is of a strongly contrasted colour. Black lace veils, of our own manufacture, but offering an excellent imitation of Chantilly lace, are very much in favour in carriage dress.

Among the novel materials in evening dress, those most elegant for matrons are some new kinds of figured *gros de Naples*, and the riband-striped satins. *Gaze cashmere*, and *gaze satinée*, are most in favour for young ladies. *Corsages* are cut low; some are dressed *d la Sevigné*, and others in crossed drapery. The first are always trimmed, *en pelerine*, either with blond lace, or with the material of the dress. The mantilla style of trimming the *corsage* is that preferred for the latter. Blond lace long sleeves are more in favour than short ones of the material of the dress; the first are of the *imbecille* form; the latter are excessively wide, and longer than they have recently been worn; a good many are ornamented with a knot of riband placed exactly in the middle of the shoulder.

We have not yet seen any silk or satin dresses trimmed round the border, but those of crape, or gauze, are frequently trimmed, particularly ball dresses. Some are ornamented with twisted rouleaus of

riband, interspersed with rosettes; others are worked in detached bouquets of flowers in coloured silks: these are extremely pretty. We see, also, several dresses simply trimmed with a row of satin *dents*, which are cut very deep, corded with *gros de Naples*, and placed on the upper edge of the hem: this trimming must be either white, or to correspond with the colour of the dress.

The head-dresses described last month continue in favour, but *coiffures en cheveux* are more in request with youthful belles. The Grecian style is most fashionable for very young ladies. The hair is parted in front, and plaited with riband, beads, or gold chain, behind. There are either two or three plaits, which form a large knot placed quite at the back of the head. Ladies more advanced in life, but still young, have their hair dressed in full curls on the forehead, and full, but not high, bows behind: they ornament it with flowers, or knots of riband.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS IN DECEMBER.

High dresses, composed of *merinos*, or *gros de Naples*, and trimmed round the border with a broad band of velvet, are becoming very general in walking dress. The *corsage* is made plain. The sleeve, of the *Amadis* form, is velvet from the wrist to the elbow; the upper part, which is quite as large as ever, is the same material as the dress. A very large velvet pelerine, rounded behind, and with a high collar standing out from the neck, and broad ends which meet under the *ceinture*, and fall nearly as low as the knee, is, with the addition of a low tippet, usually the only out-door covering adopted with these dresses.

Mantles are fashionable, but the mildness of the weather hitherto, gives ladies an occasional opportunity of appearing as described above; or in poplin dresses, and French cashmere shawls, always with the addition of a boa tippet, and frequently with a muff also.

Promenade bonnets are now principally of velvet, lined with satin, or composed of velvet only, at the pleasure of the wearer; they are of the same shape as last month, but with brims something longer. Those that are lined with satin have very seldom any trimming on the inside of the brim. Those composed of velvet only, are ornamented with blond lace, brought in a bias direction across one side, and forming the shape of a leaf: the trimmings are in other respects similar to last month.

Velvet is coming into favour in full dress,

but it is not yet so generally adopted as various rich kinds of silk. That called *gros de Tours*, is the richest, and the most decidedly fashionable. The skirts of dresses are of an excessive and unbecoming width, and without trimming in general; there are, however, a few exceptions, one of which we shall presently notice. The forms of *corsages* have not altered, but we think that those *en demi cœur* are not quite so much worn. Long sleeves of blond lace, over short and excessively wide *beret* sleeves, of the material of the dress, are now so generally adopted in full dress, that except for ball dress, we do not see any others. The exception noticed above, is a dress that appeared at a late splendid evening party; it is composed of granite watered satin. Plain *corsage*, cut very low, and trimmed with blond lace in the new mantilla style, that is to say, with draperies which descend on each side of the front. Short sleeves of unusual shortness, forming a single *beuffant*, under the blond lace long ones, which were *en gigot*, of the same pattern as the draperies of the mantilla, but in three rows of bouquets, very large at top, and descending gradually towards the wrist in a smaller pattern. The trimming of the skirt consisted of a wreath of plain satin oak leaves, of a very large size; they were placed immediately above the hem, at regular distances, each leaf was bordered with narrow blond lace, and issued

from a small rosette, formed of ends of riband, also to correspond.

Ball dress is of a very rich description for grand parties; the most strikingly elegant are those of plain gauze, with a *corsage* draped *à la Sevigné*, in front, and finished round the back and shoulders with a trimming *en pelerine*, of the same material, embroidered in gold and silver flowers, with green silk foliage. A *nœud de page* of gauze riband, spotted either with gold or silver, adorns the short sleeve, and being placed exactly in the centre, forms it into two distinct puffs. The trimming of the skirt consists of a wreath of flowers, embroidered to correspond with the *corsage*; it goes round the back and part of the front of the skirt immediately above the hem, but ascends in the drapery style on the right side, nearly half way to the *corsage*, where it terminates in a bouquet *à la Jardinière*.

The Grecian *coiffure* is still the most fashionable for ball head-dresses. Dress hats, composed of velvet or crape, with small brims and crowns much on one side, are in great request for full dress. Some are decorated by a single ostrich feather, attached under the brim by a diamond *agraffe*, and winding in a serpentine direction round the crown: others are adorned with *esprits*. The colours most in request are *pensée*, crimson, *marron*, slate-colour, green, all the shades of *aventurine*, and all the bright shades of rose.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Scarborough, the lady of Frederick Robert Crowder, Esq. of a daughter. In Belgrave Square, the lady of J. W. Lyon, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Mary's Church, Islington, Mr. John Hill, of the Coal Exchange, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. John Duke, of Montrose. At Caterham Church, C. J. Roberts, Esq. M. D. of New Bridge Street, to Marianne, youngest daughter of Mr. Pinder Simpson, of Old Burlington Street. At Aston Church, Mr. L. W. Clark, of Great Charles Street, Birmingham, to Mary, second daughter of Mr. G. Mewis, of Lichfield Street, of the same place. At Beddington, by the Rev. J. B. Ferrers, Henry Thomas Estridge, Esq. youngest son of the late Joseph Estridge, Esq. of Carshalton Lodge, and grandson to John Taylor, Esq. of Carshalton Park, to Mary, youngest daughter of George Loraine, Esq. of Wal-

lington, in Surrey. At St. George the Martyr, by the Rev. Robert Armitage, the Rev. Brathwaite Armitage, eldest son of Whaley Armitage, Esq. Moraston, Herefordshire, to Ann Susanna, eldest daughter of the late John Longden, Esq. Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

DEATHS.

John Hopton, Esq. of Barnsbury Street, Islington. In Bryanston Street, aged 53, of inflammation on the chest, Eliza, wife of Lieutenant-General Campbell Callander, deeply lamented. In Kepple Row, Newington Green, Mr. William Masters, aged 76, much respected. At Leamington, Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Darnley. Stephen Parrell, Esq. of Deptford, Kent, aged 69, much regretted by his family. Mr. John Keylock, of Lower Ashley Terrace, Bristol. At her house in Sloane Street, deeply regretted, Lady Harvey, widow of the late Sir Ludford Harvey.

